

THE  
COUNTESS  
OF  
Salisbury;  
OR, THE  
Most Noble Order  
OF THE  
GARTER.

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An Historical Novel.

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IN TWO PARTS.

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Done out of *French* by  
Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE*.

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London, Printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes  
in *Russel-street* in *Covent-garden*, 1683.

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TO THE  
Illustrious Princess  
ELIZABETH  
Dutcheſs of *Sommerſet*.

MADAM,

**W**Hen *Your Grace*  
had lately the  
ſad Occaſion  
to Exerciſe  
one of Your many Vertues,  
in the patient enduring as  
heavy a Stroke as Heaven  
can well inflict upon a Prin-  
ceſs.

## *The Dedication.*

cess so much the Pride of Humane kind, the whole *English* Nation seem'd to be out of order and sick at the same time. Every Sigh You gave, presently rais'd an Universal Groan thro' all the Land; and People were in despair, to see they lay under the danger of losing so great an Ornament of our Kingdom. But upon the happy Tidings of *Your Graces* Deliverance, the whole Frame of Nature put on a Smiling Look, and Joy was seen in every Face. We embrac'd the News with Rapture and Transport, and were as zealous and ready with our Incense and Acknow-

## *The Dedication.*

knowledgment to Heaven, as if the whole Realm had been freed from some general Calamity.

When we reflect, *Madam*, on the late Peril *Your Graces* Life was in, we cannot but figure to our selves, that Nature, that great Governess of the Universe, has dealt with *Your Grace* as some unwary Monarchs do with their Principal Favourites. She had heap'd so many Honours and Glories on *Your Grace*, imparted to You so much of her Lustre and Beauty, that You became to that degree the Darling and Delight of All, that she herself took umbrage,

## *The Dedication.*

brage, fancied she was neglected, and that her Subjects did not consider to whom all those Perfections are owing. But yet tho she dreaded an Usurpation upon those Homages and that Reverence which had been constantly paid her, tho she grew jealous of Your Grandeur, and resolv'd to degrade You from some of Your Honours, and Eclipse some of Your Charms; yet at length (as Wise Princes do, upon Reflexion) she repented her Severity, her Fears abated, her usual Fondness to You reviv'd, she grew sensible she could never bestow her Fa-

vours

## *The Dedication.*

vours upon so Worthy an Object, and resolved not to fully nor deface that bright Image she had stamped of her self in *Your Grace*.

But all my Ambition aspires to, (*MADAM*) is, That I may have my part in the general Harmony and Consort with which Your Recovery is so universally solemnized. I'll willingly leave to others the Celebrating all the Glories of Your Extraction and Alliance, allow 'em to flourish upon all the Illustrious Branches of Your Family, suffer 'em to pursue the wonderful Career up as high as *Charlemagne*, and in the way rendez-

## *The Dedication.*

rendezvouze all those Glorious Princes and Princesses of Your Blood, with a Representation of their so numerous and almost incredible Performances and Conquests, then return, and parallel all those Divine Qualities of *Your Grace* with the Principal of those which rendred that Mighty Emperour so much the Admiration of the World; nay, I wish their Pens all the Art and Delicacy which Nature and Study are capable of affording, for the Drawing to the Life so much Beauty, such an affable sort of Magnanimity, with the many other Illustrious Talents and Advantages

## *The Dedication.*

ages which have stream'd  
from Your Progenitors, and  
centred themselves in *Your*  
*Grace*. In short, I abandon  
all Title to Your Painter,  
Historian, or Herald: But  
by no means will I quit my  
Share in the Joy for Your  
Escape; nor was I willing to  
let slip this occasion to Usher  
in the *Countess of Salisbury*,  
who is a Lady of so Divine a  
Temper, that she may pre-  
tend to some Resemblance of  
*Your Grace*, and lay claim to  
the Honour of Your Ac-  
quaintance and Friendship.

She flocks ( *M A D A M* )  
with the rest to pay her Com-  
plements of Congratulation  
on

## *The Dedication.*

on this Occasion, and I hope  
will humbly at the same time  
represent to *Your Grace* the  
great Zeal and Devotion  
with which I am,

M A D A M,

*Your Graces*

*most humble and*

*most obedient*

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*Servant,*

F. SPENCE.



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THE  
TRANSLATOR  
TO THE  
READER.

**T**Here are some things in the Translation of this Novel, which will perhaps require an Appologies, as the giving the Countess of Salisbury a Romantick Appellation, whereas her True Name was Joan: But I thought that Charming Joan, Beautiful Joan, would sound preposterously at this time of the day, as well as Lovely Ales, which my French Author makes use of, out of an outrageous mistake, as one would think, confounding her with Alice Pierce. I might indeed have given her that of Johanna, but that I fancied any thing in the least allied to Joan would be apt to give but scurvy fulsom Ideas. There is another thing which I can hardly pardon my self for, which is, That though I found the Threed of  
the

## To the Reader.

*the Story so nicely drawn, that I made a Conscience of clogging it with unnecessary Particulars; yet the most glorious Circumstances of our History offering themselves to view, I could not resist the Temptation, gave them admittance, and cauch'd them in their due Place, without minding my Frenchman's Reflexion, Or thinking it held good with us, namely, That the Remembrance of them would be a Mortification to the Reader. I must indeed confess, That I contented my self with the Relations as I found them in Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, without troubling my self to refine that Author's Descriptions. But what is like to lie heaviest upon me, is, The seeming to countenance the Story, as they say, first invented, or at least maintained, by Polydore Virgil, of the Most Noble Order of the Garter having its rise from an Amorous Encounter, tho the Gallant perhaps would assert, That it could not have had a more Honourable Source; yet having no mind to meddle in the Dispute, and being but little of my Frenchman's Acquaintance, I hope it will not be thought ungentilely done, tho I leave him to Mr. Ashmole's Mercy and Resentment. Let them decide the Matter; for my part, I'll only beg leave to make my Leg and retire.*

THE

T H E  
**Countess of Salisbury;**  
 OR, THE  
**Order of the Garter.**

**A**S soon as the Truce was Proclaimed, which *Edward* the III. had concluded with *Scotland*, the *Scottish* Lords sent Deputies into *France* to their King *David*, who for seven years had made His Retreat in the Court of *Philip de Valois*, with *Queen Joan* His Wife, Daughter of *Edward* the II. and of the Lady *Isabella* of *France*, Sister of *Charles* the Fair. The King of *Scotland*, upon the Deputies desire, departed for His own Dominions,

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accom-

accompanied by the Queen His Consort: The Potent Prince of *Orkney*, who Married *David's* Sister, went to receive them upon the *Frontiers* with so prodigious a number of persons, that it amounted to sixty thousand Men on Foot, and three thousand on Horse, for the most part all Lords, Barons, and Knights of *Sweden*, *Norway*, and *Denmark*, without reckoning the *Scots*.

The time of this Cessation, which was but for four months, was no sooner expired, than *David* Marched with that great Army from the City of *Saint John*; crossed a little Arm of the Sea, passed below *Edinburgh*, and descended into the County of *Northumberland*, where He Exercised all manner of Hostility, laying waste and burning all the Country. After that he Encamped before the Fortrefs of *New-Castle* upon *Thine*, to which He laid Siege. The Governour of  
that

that Fort, called *John Nevile*, a brave Captain, and whose Prudence and Experience was ever attended with Valour, caused a Salley to be made of about two hundred Lances, who drew the Earl of *Murray* out of his Tent, after having killed several of his Men, and carryed him Prisoner into the Castle. This bold and lucky Enterprise was sufficient to oblige *David* to raise the Siege: Whereupon He decamped, and entring the County of *Durham*, he took by assault the Capital City of that Diocess, whose Name it bears. For the revenging the Affront He had received before *New-Castle*, seeing Himself Master of *Durham*, He caused all there to be put to the Sword, without distinction of Age or Sex. After having settled his Affairs in that place, and left such bloody marks of his resentment, He went and Encampt near the Castle of *Werk*, a strong place, and of a

considerable Revenue, which *Edward* had gratified *William Montacute* with, in favour of a marriage between him and the Heiress of the Earl of *Kent*, a Woman whose Beauty and Discretion are equally celebrated by *Historians*. Her Husband having been taken Prisoner near *St. Omers*, was then at *Paris*, and there were only in the Castle the Countess his Wife, and another *William Montacute* his Relation. This Gentleman having perceived, from the Battlements of a Tower, that the *Scottish* Horse were so loaded with Booty and Money, which they brought from *Durham*, that they could hardly stand upon their Legs, made a vigorous Salley, followed only by forty Men, and sufficiently made appear, by so small a Troop, what Soldiers are capable of when they are animated by the Example of an undaunted Leader, and that often in a pressing occasion Valour

all

all alone does supply Number. They killed about two hundred *Scots*, and took and brought into the Castle about sixscore Horses, laden with Spoils: But *William Douglas*, who commanded the Enemies Rere-guard and was already passed the Forrest, having notice of this Rout, caused the *Scots* to wheel about, and persued the *English* to the foot of the Castle, which he held Besieged until the rest of the Forces and King *David* Himself were come before the place. In the mean while the Governour of *Werk*, having speedily given notice to *Edward* of all these occurrences, that King returned into the *North*, attended by His Earls, Barons, and Knights, making *Berwick* the place of Rendezvous: And on the other side, the Governour of *Werk*, by the advice of the Countess, and of his Officers, departed from the Castle so secretly, and got thro' the Enemies Camp so Cle-

verly, that it was not taken notice of, and arrived next day at *Berwick*. In the way he met with two *Scots* half a League from the Camp, whither they were driving a Cow and two Oxen: He wounded them both dangerously, and bid them tell King *David* their Master, how the Governour of *Werk* had passed through his Camp, and was gone to demand Succours of *Edward*. The King of *Scotland* having learnt this News, and foreseeing that the *English* would arrive before he could force the place, raised the Siege the next morning early, and retired into the Forest, some Miles distant, with His *Scots* and *Highlanders*. And indeed *Edward's* March was so speedy, that he came into the place at twelve a Clock that day. But he was vexed he had missed of the opportunity of fighting the *Scots*. He nevertheless found wherewith to comfort himself easily for that disappointment.

What



Whatsoever People say of the Tyranny and Torments Love exercises over the hearts of those it possesses, this Passion is the surest means to dissipate all Troubles. *Edward* had no sooner fixt his looks upon the Countess of *Salisbury*, than that all his corroding Cares did vanish out of his heart, for the giving entrance only to so charming an Image; not but that Love had taken Root there long before, but a long absence had as it were lulled it asleep, and then it was this Prince perceived the wounds to open again, which that separation had closed; and found when a person has once truly loved a fair Object, he often carries that affection with him to the Grave, what efforts soever he may make to cure himself of his passion. *Edward* had formerly made an amorous Declaration to the Countess, attended with all the Protestations and all the Oaths usual to Lo-

vers in those sort of occasions, but had never been able to obtain any kind returns; and the Charming *Philenia* (so will we call the Countess) had always rejected his offers, yet with such a respect and modesty as served only the more to enflame the Kings desires, He had sent the Earl of *Salisbury* on purpose to the Army, in hopes that the Husbands absence would facilitate to him the more entrance into the Countesses Bosom: And, when that with I know not what malign joy which his love produced, as 'twere against his Will, in his heart, he learnt that the Earl was taken Prisoner near *St. Omers*, and carried to *Paris*, he had been immediately to testifie a feigned grief to that fair Lady, and vow'd he would not only endeavour his being set, as soon as possible, at Liberty; but that he would come and see her often, to comfort her for that misfortune. He desired her  
like-

likewise to come spend all that time in His Court, where he would take care to provide for her, all such Pleasures and Diversifements as might mitigate her sorrows for the Absence and Imprisonment of a tenderly beloved Husband. But the Countess penetrating the Kings intentions, and perceiving it was his passion that dictated to Him this discourse, excused her self after a civil manner: She represented to Him, that she had never avoided any thing with so much care, as the giving hold to Calumny and Detraction: That her reputation might receive dangerous blemishes and onsets, if in a time that she ought only to think of bewailing, in a retreat, the Absence and Captivity of her Husband, she should be seen at Court, enjoying all the Pleasures which a sedate and satisfied Soul is capable of receiving: She likewise earnestly conjured *Edward* to deprive

her of the Honour of his Presence until the Earls return. So as this Prince being discouraged by so many cold returns, and nettled to the very quick, resolved to forget her, and to deface out of His heart, by absence, and a profound and continual application to the Affairs of His State, the Traces which the Countesses Beauty had form'd in his Breast. But as soon as He learnt at *Berwick*, that the *Scots* held her Besieg'd, he flew all transported to her relief. At first he imagined he was only agitated with a desire to defend His own Territories, and with a sentiment of revenge against the King of *Scotland*; but as soon as He saw the Countess again, He found he had Himself been ignorant of what passed in His own heart, and that His love had been the dearest interest that had put Him upon the wing.

The Countess of *Salisbury* had but too many Qualities capable of

of gaining her the Homage and Vows of a great Prince: And tho' she had not reassembled in her, all that can make a Beautiful and an Ingenious Person admired, her Beauty alone, or her Wit would have been sufficient to have made Adorers. She was not so excessively tall, as to be a Gyant of a Woman, and to give disgust rather than admiration, but there was that exact proportion in her shape that People would wish for in all that are Beautiful; and tho' she was inclinable to be fat, yet it took from her none of that free and easy Air which we are better sensible of, than able to express: Her Hair was of the finest brown imaginable, and in great quantity: Her Forehead large and smooth: Her Eyes quick and piercing; and what rendred 'em Conquerours at the first blush, was that, by an agreeable imposture, they always seemed full of that flame and passion which they produced.

duced in the hearts of those who looked upon 'em. It cannot be said, that her Complexion was of a dazling whiteness; but tho' her Features were irregular, there resulted from 'em I know not what Charm more touching than regularity it self. Her Mouth was admirable pretty, little, and of a Vermillion Colour, her Teeth very White and well set. There was little seen of her Bosom, but what of it she vouchsafed to the Eye, was sufficient to inspire the most passionate desires: Her Wit was not of those vast and copious *Genius's* as are surpriz'd at their own Thoughts, and so profound as to make meer Learning the main business of their Lives; but it had an evenness and an acute Sagacity, more estimable than all those great Qualities which only serve to procure admiration to the Learned, and which even renders 'em pretty often ridiculous. She had a general know-  
ledge

ledge of all things that can enter into an agreeable Conversation; was never mistaken in her sentiments; and her understanding was so happy, that she judg'd of all things equally aright. The Qualities of her Soul were no less commendable than those of her Body, and of her Humour, she needed only to suffer her self to be led by her own inclinations to follow Virtue: And all her sentiments were so noble and so generous, that she would have thought it a very great Crime to have let one day pass without doing some good act. All this joyn'd to a great youthful luster, rendered, without doubt, the Countess of *Salisbury* one of the most accomplisht persons of her Age. Hardly was she recovered from the troubles and alarms which the approaches and attack of the *Scots* had put her in, when *Edward* entered the Castle; and there appeared still in her Eyes and in her Coun-

Countenance, marks of the fear she had had to see her self exposed to the outrages and insolences of a Conquerour. As this *Idea* did both rouse the Jealousie of the Prince, and enflamed His passion for the Countess, so it redoubled his resentments against the King of Scotland. Madam, said He accosting her, *Fortune which is propitious to me in all other Encounters, does nothing in favour of my Love; she was not willing I should have the happiness and glory of freeing your Ladyship from the danger with which you were threatned, and your Prudence and Courage too has done what was only due to my Arm.* Ah Sir, answered *Philenia*, falling at *Edwards* feet, who raised her up again, allow me to render thanks to my Deliverer, and do not give me the advantage of a success that ought to be attributed only to Your Majesty. Yes, Sir, it was only upon the rumour of your approach that the Scots have



have made a Retreat, as shameful  
 for them as it is glorious to You;  
 Your Name alone has done to day,  
 what Your Arms has done, so many  
 times in the Head of Your Army;  
 and Your Enemies have not dared  
 to wait the Valour of a Prince al-  
 waies sure of vanquishing when e're  
 He goes to fight. Well, Madam,  
 if it be so, reply'd the King, think  
 then that you owe me some acknow-  
 ledgement, which you would do well  
 to acquit your self of. Which, Sir,  
 rejoyned the Countess, I believe I  
 cannot better do than by assuring Your  
 Majesty that I shall ever have for  
 you, the most profound respect, and the  
 most inviolable fidelity, that a Sub-  
 ject can have for her Sovereign. No,  
 no, Madam, resumed Edward, That  
 is not the way to pay your debt, less  
 respect and submission, and something  
 more tender and less indifferent. There  
 is nothing but your heart alone which  
 can——How, Sir, interrupted the  
 Countess, do not You remember Your  
 Oaths?

*Oaths? Do not You remember that You promised me to extinguish that passion, and to speak to me no more of it? Ah! Madam, cryed the King all transported, Is it possible you could think me capable of keeping such like Oaths? The mouth makes em, and the Heart disowns 'em; there are none but those which I have taken of adoring you all my life, which I will never violate. How, Sir, answered Philenia, is it handsome to see this weakness in a Prince, who makes Himself equally cherished by His Subjects, and dreaded by His Enemies; remember that Glory is the only Object that ought to possess your Heart; remember that after so many Victories, how glorious it would be to gain this likewise over Yourself. No, no, Madam, reply'd Edward, If it is Glorious for a Prince to Triumph over his Enemies, it is not unbecoming Him to submit to such powerful Charms as your Ladyships; this is the sweetest Fruit that can be relished*  
*after*

after the *Fatigues of War*. But is it possible, continued He, looking upon her fixedly, that those fair Eyes, so full of vivacity, and which so well know the art of darting tender glances into my Heart, and filling my Bosome with soft and amorous flames, do only signifie the indifference in yours? Speak, speak, lovely *Philenia*, and tell me if you will now be insensible, and if I must resolve to burn Eternally, without ever having any hopes?

At these words the Countess, blushing, look'd tenderly upon *Edward*, and without making Him any answer, could not forbear sighing. *Edward*, drawing from thence Conjectures in favour of His passion, told her He would stay till the next Day in the Castle. Tho' that this proposition was unpleasant to *Philenia*, she durst not entirely oppose the Kings desire, but let Him know He was to expect nothing from her that Virtue could disown.

disown. He assured her that His respect should always prevail over the violence of His passion, and that he only demanded to enjoy her Conversation. But, as when a Person is strongly in Love it is very difficult to keep to such light favours, that Prince, notwithstanding His promises, made all His efforts to obtain from her such as were more solid; infomuch, that the Countess was in no little pain to defend her self, and in so much the more, for that besides the pursuits of *Edward*, she had likewise in her Heart I know not what new sentiments to struggle with, which spoke to her in favour of this Illustrious Lover. Pretty often when He pressed her, and that His Love dictated to Him all manner of specious reasons to persuade her, she had not the power to answer Him; and after having for a long time fixed Her languishing look's upon the King,

King, she cast down her Eyes without saying to Him a Word ; which emboldned *Edward* to redouble His importunities : However these Conflicts, which she supported with so much pain, did only serve to try the more her fidelity to the Earl of *Salisbury* ; and her Virtue, which ever Commanded over all her desires, did never permit them to betray her in those occasions. But in that perplexity and distrust of her self, she dexterously broke off the Conversation, and under pretext of shewing the King what was most extraordinary in the Castle, she conducted Him into a long Gallery, enriched with several excellent Pictures, whither she sent for *William Montacute*, her Husbands Relation, for the Explaining the History of those Pieces. *Edward* did easily perceive, that all this was a meer effect of the Prudence and Wise Precaution of the Countess, who was  
not

not willing to remain any longer exposed to His pursuits: But as His Complaisance for her, as well as His Love was extream, He durst not complain of these proceedings. The rest of the Day being spent in such sort of Amusements, *Philenia* was willing to grant *Edward* the satisfaction of her Company at Supper, and while they were at Table they both seem'd plung'd into a profound pensiveness, the causes whereof were very different. The King all full of His Love, which grew irritated by the Obstacles it met with, and the more and more enflamed at the sight of so Charming an Object, had no other *Idea* than an ardent desire to possess the Countess; who on her side made continual reflexions on the dangers wherewith she was threatned. Which to free her self from, she avoided staying any more alone with the King; and tho' He represented to her, that He had something

thing of Consequence to tell her in private, she obliged him after a long Conversation to withdraw into His own Appartment, as she did into hers, her Heart agitated with divers motions, and full of sentiments contrary and favourable to the Kings passion, according as Love and Virtue inspired them in to her by turns. As soon as she saw her self at liberty, she examined her own Soul, what might have caused in it so unexpected a disorder. She could not conceive why the sight of the King should have produced this effect rather at one time than at another; but her being unable to know how she had received those impressions, was what rendred her more strongly persuaded of her engagement, and some sighs which she could not keep in, destroyed in a moment all the vain reasonings which her Wit had formed. *How!* said she, *is this the first time*  
*that*

that this Prince has discourst me, concerning His passion? Was it not sufficiently known to me before? Have I not always discouraged Him by my indifferences, without alarming my self, and without being ever staggered by any of His Offers, and Carresses? From whence comes then this present trouble and surprize? but rather, from whence have I this disquiet? From whence have I that so secret pleasure which my Heart abandoned it self to a while agoe in our Conversation, in spite of all my efforts? How then, is it the Absence and Imprisonment of the Earl of Salisbury which produces this change? Ought not his misfortunes to render him the more dear to me? And must I consume in vain Amusements, injurious to His Glory and my Virtue, Moments which I ought only to employ in lamenting his Misfortune, and in endeavouring his delivery? Ah! let me stifle these shameful sentiments which would rise up  
in



in my heart; and let us arm our selves with all the necessary haughtiness for the repulsing the dangerous Charm which the Kings merit does attaque me with; I know that He has but too many Qualities for the winning a Ladies heart; and that I have need of all my efforts to triumph over my weakness. And indeed, Edward was a very accomplished Prince: There was naturally in all He did I know not what Air of Greatness, which supported to perfection the August Dignity of His rank: He was Haughty, Brave, Ambitious, and no less in Love with Glory than with Pleasures. Tho' He always made appear a severe Majesty, which imprinted fear and respect in the hearts of all His Subjects, He laid by that troublesome Character, when He was with Ladies, and had the most agreeable and the most engaging ways imaginable: Besides He was Magnificent and Liberal, even

even to excess; a Quality not a little necessary for the being successful in an Amorous Intreague.

Ingenious Love did then inspire a design into the Countess which her Virtue, all Austere as it was, durst not murmur at: On the contrary, she applauded it, for that it would so much the more make known the passionate desire she had of seeing again her Husband; so that she resolved to have for the future something more Complaisance for *Edward*, and no longer to reject His Vows with that severity. ' Yes, *said she*, I will  
' hear Him without anger, and  
' without shewing any resentment;  
' since He Loves me, I will make  
' use of the Power I have over  
' Him, for the Consummating my  
' Duty; I will exact from Him this  
' proof of His Love, as well as of  
' the generosity of His heart; and  
' the Earl of *Salisbury* shall be so far  
' from having reason to Complain  
' of

‘ of this Conduct, that he shall owe  
 ‘ his Liberty to this innocent Artifice.

She enjoy’d but little of the  
 Charms of Rest that Night, and  
 spent it almost all entire in those  
 Reflections, with as much earnest-  
 ness to see the King again, as she  
 had thitherto been careful to a-  
 void him. She was dressed very  
 early, that she might be ready to  
 receive him when He should come  
 to see her. This Prince had no-  
 tice that the *Scots* being animated  
 by the Discourses and Examples of  
*William Douglas*, were preparing to  
 come and attempt a second Siege.  
 Resentment and the Love of Glory  
 did then revive in the Heart of  
*Edward*: He wavered not at all,  
 He resolved to go seek out the  
*Scots*, and spare them the trouble  
 of Coming to Him. Whereupon  
 He was thinking to go take His  
 Leave of the Countess: Yet as it  
 was very early, He was afraid of  
 disturbing her repose, or that at

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least

least being still in Bed, she would have some repugnancy to admit him thus into her Chamber: But he was much surpriz'd when He was told she had been long up, and that He saw her Himself coming to Him with a Countenance which shew'd less trouble than the Day before. However He at first imagined, that this was still an effect of her Precaution, and for the avoiding still a second particular Conversation. *Ab! Madam*, said Edward to her, *I perceive, I do the quite contrary here of what I am bound to do: I came in hopes of assuring your Ladyships repose, and I do but disturb it, and give you trouble; but I am going to free you from my importunities; and our Enemies, who are preparing for Battel, do Summon me thither.* *How Sir*, answered Philenia with a flattering tone, *do You so soon Repent the Honours Your Majesty has been pleased to do me, in staying since yesterday in this Castle*  
and

and can you be perswaded you bring trouble where You go? No, without doubt Your August presence does much rather scatter joy and pleasures wheresoever You come: But what New Rumour is this then that strikes Your Ears? In saying these Words, she her self invited the King to enter into a Closset, for the having the more freedom to speak in private. This Obliging Reception and Carriage, so different from that of the Day before, did cause an agreeable surprize in *Edward*, who imagined that he should not have been much longer without seeing His Love rewarded, if He might have stay'd some Days more in that Castle. What Warlike ardour soever was us'd to hurry Him to Battails, He then perceived it to slacken, when He considered He was going to part from so Beautiful an Object; but there was no Remedy, He was of necessity to be gone.

He acquainted the Countess with the News He had received of the march and designs of the Enemies. *But, Madam,* added He, *while I am far from you, agitated with a mortal disquiet, will you remain Calm and Sedate, and will not your Ladyship interests your self at least for the success of the Battel?*

*I should be, Sir,* answered Philenia, *the most unreasonable Person in the World, if my sentiments were only indifferent at such a juncture? I ought to be Concerned by all manner of reasons, out of Love for my Country, and for the State, and by the duty of my acknowledgement towards Your self. I may likewise assure You, that if Heaven hears my Prayers, you will quickly be seen Victorious and Triumphant in the field of Battel.*

*Alas! Madam,* reply'd Edward, *how useless are those Prayers to me! No, no, whatsoever People say, Good or Ill Events depend on the scituation*  
of

of places, of the Prudence and Valour of a Commander, on the Courage of Souldiers, sometimes on the fate of Arms. Ah! if you have Vows to make in favour of me, let 'em be addressed to your heart, nothing but it can at its Will and Pleasure regulate and fix my happiness or ill fate.

I am willing to confess to You Sir, for once, repeated the Countess in some emotion, without considering in you that Omnipotency and High Degree which ever gains Adorers, if it lay in my power to dispose of my heart, I am very sensible it would not declare against You. An useless inclination, resumed the Prince, if you always continue obstinate to struggle with it, and if you dare not allow it the least satisfaction. Well Sir, said the Countess, looking attentively upon the King, do you really Love me? How, Madam! answered that Prince, all my Transports, and all my Importunities, so many times rei-

*terated, have they not but too well persuaded you of the Excess of my Passion? I will take the boldness, said she, to ask a New Proof of it of Your Majesty, a Service which will better convince me than all I have hitherto seen. Ah! Madam, Command, answered Edward; whatsoever you may exact from me, I blindly Subscribe to all your Ladyships Commands. You are going to fight the King of Scotland, resum'd Philenia, I do not doubt but that You will beat Him. As soon as You shall find Your self in a posture to make a Peace advantageously, and without interesting Your Glory, so to order it, that the French King may be Comprehended in the Treaty, and that there may be an Exchange of Prisoners——Ah! Madam, interrupted that Prince, I perceive what you aim at: Adieu, I can stay no longer after those cruel Words, and I am going to see if Fortune will be more favourable to me in War, than it is to me in Love.*

As



As he was finishing these Words, He went away in some heat, and took Horse immediately to rejoyne His Forces, who were Encamped near the Castle. They did not March long without meeting with the *Scots*; the two Armies engag'd in Parties, and there pass'd between 'em very bloody Skirmishes, yet without coming to a general Battel: This lasted for three whole Days, and on the *Scots* side, *William Douglas*, above all, an Illustrious Captain, did things there, which won him the Esteem and Admiration of the *English* themselves.

However all the advantage turn'd on *Edwards* side; insomuch that the King of *Scotland* sent to demand of Him a Suspension of Arms, in order to the Treating on a Peace, which was willingly granted Him by the King of *England*.

Then it was that *Edward*, retiring for some moments all alone into His Tent, began to make reflexion upon what the Countess of *Salisbury* had said to Him just at His departure.

*What an unkind request!* said He, *How does that ungrateful fair one prevail over the Weakness of my Heart, and how Cruelly does she make use of the absolute power she has over me? I imputed to some sentiments of tenderness, the few obliging Words I had from her. Alas, it was to make me the more easily her Property. How then? for all the fruit of so much Love, I must have no other returns, than an order for the recalling my Rival whom she adores; I who sent him away on purpose with hopes, during that absence, to render her the sooner sensible to my Passion. But no matter, it is her Will, and she must be obeyed; let us raise our Generosity to that Degree: I am sure she her self will be surpriz'd and*  
*toucht*

toucht at it, and perhaps may be ac-  
 knowledging and generous in her  
 turn. Perhaps it is too nice a care  
 of her Reputation, that has made  
 her reject my Vows, and that after  
 the return of her Husband she will  
 be less fearful of injurious Discourses.  
 I know the Earl is as Jealous as he  
 is Amorous; but in case she lives in  
 the least good intelligence with me, we  
 shall find but too many means of de-  
 ceiving his Jealousie, and to see one  
 another in secret, in spite of all his  
 watchfulness. I have some reason to  
 hope she has a kindness for me.  
 Have I not seen her Eyes, full of lan-  
 guishment, looking upon me several  
 times after a tender manner? Have  
 I not heard her sigh? In short, has  
 she not told me, that she found some  
 kind dispositions in her Heart to-  
 wards me? Yes, yes, let us no longer  
 Waver; let us follow this Resolution  
 which will be at least to me the most  
 glorious, and perhaps likewise the  
 most advantageous for my passion.

This was then the course that *Edward* thought fit to follow. After several Conferences, a Truce was concluded for two Years, and that Prince would needs have it upon Condition the *French* King should be Comprehended in the Treaty, and give his Consent to it, which accordingly was performed.

By this Truce it was agreed the Earl of *Salisbury*, who was a Prisoner at *Paris*, should be set at Liberty, and sent back into *England* in Exchange of Earl *Murray*, whom *Edward* was in like manner to deliver into the hands of the *Scots*.

As soon as this Truce was Signed, and had received the approbation of *Philip* of *Valois*, *Edward* being upon his return for *London*, dispatched an Express with the following Letter to the Countess of *Salisbury*.

**Y**ou are obeyed Maddam, a Truce for two Years is agreed on with Scotland,

Scotland, and the like with France, and an Exchange of Prisoners is upon being made; Thus you will suddainly see the ~~Earl~~ Earl of Salisbury again, whom your Ladyship expects with so much impatience. After this, judge of the greatness of the Sacrifice I make you. I act against my self, I procure the return of a tenderly beloved Husband, and who shall be no sooner with you, than he will see himself the peaceable possessor of all your Charms. Your Ladyship must now confess, you would be the most ungrateful of all Women, should you not be mindful of this good Office, and should you long defer coming to thank me in Person, for having made my own Passion a Victim to your desires.

The Countess received this Letter with all imaginable transports of Joy. On one side she saw herself sure of the return of her Husband, whom her Virtue and Duty made her look upon as what  
there

she had most Dear, and besides she could not sufficiently admire the Kings Generosity and Complaisance, who Sacrificed His own Interests to those of His Rival. She was sensible it was her Duty to go as soon as possible to Court with her Thanks to Him for so Extraordinary a favour: Yet she dreaded to see her self exposed again to His pursuits, and with so much the more reason in that she was extremely oblig'd to Him, and that she found her heart inclined to afford Him acknowledgments, so as that she knew not what to resolve on in this perplexity.

But as she was in this Labyrinth, she learnt a thing which afforded her the Clew, and determined her entirely; she received News that the Queen was brought to Bed of a fifth Son; Insomuch that she saw her self indispensably oblig'd to go see the Princess, for the Congratulating Her upon this happy Accident. Where

Whereupon she set forward for *London*, and when she arrived at Court, happily for her the King was in the *Queens Chamber*. She considered this juncture as lucky, for that she judged she might thereby acquit her self of the Thanks she ow'd to *Edward*, and avoid a secret Conference with Him. He received her with such Caresses and Marks of esteem as sufficiently shewed how dear she was to Him. Tho' He made all His efforts to conceal His sentiments before the Queen, His joy was too great and too impetuous to remain pent up, and He could not so well constrain His Transports, but that they shew'd themselves in His Eyes, and in His Countenance. Then He applauded in Himself the Service He had done the Beautiful *Philenia*, in causing her Husband to return; and as we are easily persuaded of what we ardently wish for, he imagined this Generosity had

had really toucht her, and that He needed nothing more than the occasion and the means of seeing her in private. He told her she must needs stay some time at Court with the Queen, during Her Lying Inn, and besides that her Husband would likewise arrive there in few Days.

Tho' the Countess understood the Kings intentions, she saw her self oblig'd to follow this Order, but she was in hopes, that the coming of the Earl of *Salisbury* would quickly free her from this Princes importunities; in the mean while to elude His pursuits, she affected to be continually with the Queen, as much as Decency would allow of. But Love is but too ingenious to raise all those obstacles that oppose its Designs, and to facilitate to himself the sight of what He loves.

*Edward* found several times the means of speaking to the Countess  
in



in particular. Yet tho' she was more than ever resolved never to grant him any thing that her Virtue might disavow, there were some moments wherein she had hardly the power to resist the inclination of her heart, which ever had some tender sense for that Prince: And we may say, that as Virtue was never put to a severer test, so Love never took more pains with, nor gave more trouble to a person without triumphing. Thus sometimes she openly shun'd the King, and sometimes the fear of displeasing Him, or rather, that secret inclination she had ever for Him, made her bear with His Conversation, according as these sentiments found themselves more or less strong in her Bosom.

One Day amongst others that He went to the Queens Apartment, He met the Countess coming from thence, and approaching her, He told her softly, as he went  
by;

by, *How! Madam, will you fly from me Eternally? Be a while hence at the Countess of Sommerfet's Lodgings, to whom I will make a Visit; I have something of great moment to impart to your Ladyship, and you ought not to refuse this favour to a Prince who Loves you so ardently, and who has Sacrificed Himself for your sake.*

The Countess of Sommerfet was a Woman already in the Declension of her Age: And as she saw her own person was no longer a proper scene of pleasures, and incapable of tying to her a Man of Honour, for the keeping up some Credit at Court, she sometimes undertook to mannage an Amorous Intreague, for which she was very fit. The King knowing that to be her Province, had made her the Confident of his Passion for the Beautiful *Philenia*, and she engaged to do him good Offices with her. And indeed she had a hundred

dred times tried the Countess of Salisbury, and employed all manner of Reasons and Artifices to persuade her, and make her to consent to compliance with the Kings desires, so as that *Philenia* saw her self in no small perplexity as to what Course she was to take upon what the King had newly said to her, *Shall I go?* said she, and must I resolve once more to bear with the importunities of that troublesome Woman? But on the other side, shall I disoblige and despise to that degree a great Prince, to whom I have all manner of Obligations, and who has vouchsafed me too many favours? I know he loves me passionately, and that he has for me all manner of Respect and Consideration: But He is haughty and arrogant, and this last Contempt would perhaps change His Love into resentment. I think it then much better to have for Him this small Complaisance.

This

This last Resolution was taken by the Countess of *Salisbury*: She besides considered she had already been exposed several times to as great dangers, and that she had undergone several particular Conversations with the King, which cost her only a little trouble and some sighs. She thought convenient to go to the Countess of *Sommerset's* House before the King was there, as well for the preparing the mind of that Woman, and to make her know that it would be impossible for her to attempt before the King any new efforts for the rendring her flexible, as well by reason People might more easily believe it was a thing Concerted with him, if she went into that house when he was there.

The Countess of *Sommerset* no sooner saw *Philenia* in her Chamber, than, after the first Civilities, she renewed to her the Discourses which she had so many times held her in  
favour

favour of the King. But the Countess of *Salisbury*, to whom such an entertainment was very unwelcome, and who was willing to impose silence for ever on her Friend upon this Subject, told her very sharply, that she had enough to do to defend her self against the Kings pursuits, without her undertaking to help the seducing her, and that if she returned again to the charge upon that matter, which she would in no wise hear talk of, she would end the dispute by taking her leave.

The Countess did not expect so bitter a Repartee: She told *Philenia*, that it is was too ill an acknowledgment of her Zeal, and the care she took of her Fortune. *I am contented with my Fortune*, interrupted *Philenia*, and all Women in my Circumstances ought to be so, I know how to bound and regulate my Ambition and Desires, and I have always believed that this was the true way to attain a real and solid happiness in Life. As

As they were in this small Dispute, which might perhaps have had ill consequences at the length, and caused a rupture between the two Ladies, the King arrived; He perceived they were both in some emotion, and judging they must needs have spoken with heat, He asked them the occasion of their Dispute. Sir, said the Countess of Sommerfet to him, *my Lady Salisbury is fallen out with me for taking up your Interest, and representing to her, that she ought to have a little more Complaisance for Your Majesty, and have more acknowledgement for all the favours You have done her.*

*How! Madam, said Edward to the Countess of Salisbury, is it not sufficient to hate me, and make me suffer to this Degree? must you likewise consider as your Enemies such Persons as wish me well?*

*I should be very Criminal, Sir, answered the Countess, if I might*  
with

*with justice be made that reproach, after all the goodness Tour Majesty has had for me; and I would on the contrary, hold for my mortal Enemies, those who should wish you ill; if there was any one of Tour Subjects who could be in that unhappy disposition, and if you did not generally gain the Love of all mankind.*

Their Conversation was long, but not so long as the King could have wish'd it. He said to *Philenia* the softest and the most touching things imaginable; and perceiving this fair one to blush from time to time, and seem pensive and as mute upon what he had said to her, he did not despair of bringing her in time to his Lure.

He was then resolv'd to Baptise his last Son, to whom was given the Name of *Edmond*: And as Love is Ingenious in making all serviceable to its Designs, and in managing Occasions which may be advantageous to it, it came into his  
Mind

Mind to solemnise a gallant and publick Feast, as if it were to shew the more Authentickly the joy which the Birth of that Infant had caused in him. *It is under this vail and this disguise, Madam, said he to the Countess of Salisbury, that I will give your Ladyship more and more Illustrious marks of my Passion; it is for you alone that I am going to prepare the Pomp of this spectacle, as it is you alone likewise who are to make the principal and most perfect Ornament of it: For though my Children be dear to me, you are not ignorant that it is a thing pretty New, and something extraordinary for a King to Celebrate publick Feasts at the Birth of a fifth Son. But let me once more beseech you to lay by that troublesome severity, and entertain some Love, and have a little kindness for a Prince, who will make all His Happiness consist in pleasing your Ladyship.*



*I do not deny it, Sir, said Phile-  
nia, I know and acknowledge eve-  
ry day that You Love me; I hear and  
see things which surprise me more and  
more, and which likewise put me in-  
to Confusion: I have all the acknow-  
ledgements possible, and if you could  
read in my heart, you would disco-  
ver there sentiments for you as ten-  
der and as favourable as you could  
wish them; but the Laws under  
which I see myself engaged do not  
allow me to go further, though it  
puts my Virtue to troublesome efforts,  
it not suffering these sentiments with-  
out pain. Content your self then  
with what my Circumstances will ad-  
mit of.*

*Ah! Madam, cry'd the King, how  
small a thing is this, for so passionate  
a Lover as I! And to be only loved  
after such a manner, is to enjoy but  
a very imaginary happiness! I will  
not press you any more at present, I  
expect all from time. When you shall  
have seen what I am going to do  
for*

*for you, you will perhaps confess I merit a more solid acknowledgement.*

Thereupon He went away, after having desired her and the Countess of *Sommerſet* to live always in good friendship together: Which they accordingly promiſed him; and as it had been only a light diſpute, they found it no difficult matter to keep their Words.

*Edward* gave his Orders for the preparations of the Feaſt which he intended to Solemnize, giving to underſtand, as I have already intimated, that it was upon the Occaſion of his Son's Birth. He above all recommended dilligence, becauſe he was very willing it ſhould be performed before the arrival of the Earl of *Salisbury*; inſomuch that all things were ready at three days end.

As by the Relation of all Hiſtorians, this Prince was altogether Magnificent and Liberal; there could

could hardly any thing be imagined more pompous and more stately than what was then done at this Court; whether as to Turnaments and Running at the Ring, wherein *Edward* always shew'd his admirable dexterity; whether for Collations, wherein magnificence, delicacy, and profusion did equally abound; or for Balls and Dances, wherein an excellent Symphony was joyn'd to the pleasure of the Eyes. The Countess who was at all those Entertainments, and for whom alone they were performed, did form from them the most agreeable and the most flattering Ideas imaginable.

Tho' Women sometimes resolve not to engage themselves, and that they have Empire enough over their Affections to resist the inclination which hurries them away to any Object, they are always very glad to see themselves beloved, for that it is one of the

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greatest

greatest marks of their merit, especially when the Vows they receive are offered by Persons of a very elevated Rank; and there are few Crowned Lovers who displease and are unacceptable to the fair Sex.

*Philenia* Contemplated, with ravishment, all those enchanting entertainments; wherein she more and more admired the Kings Dexterity and Gracefulness, who on his side as often as he passed by the place where she was, fixed upon her such looks as sufficiently made known she was not indifferent to him. He thought her daily more Beautiful than ever. And as she had joyn'd to her natural Beauty, all that the richness of Clothes and Jewels has most dazzing, this Attire and this Gallantness had by much heightned the power of her Charms.

There one Day, in a Ball, happened a pretty pleasant thing, which, tho' but a trifle, has yet given

ven occasion to the Institution of an  
 Order of Knighthood, the most fa-  
 mous and the most Illustrious not  
 only of *England*, but of the whole  
 World, as we shall make appear  
 at the end of this History. Which  
 is, That as the King was Dancing  
 with the Countess, one of that fair  
 Ladies Garters falling by chance,  
 that Prince took it up suddenly:  
 And as that made all the Assembly  
 laugh, he said, for the justifying  
 his intention, *Honi soit qui mal y*  
*pense*. But these Words having the  
 more excited and redoubled the  
 laughter of the Courtiers, *Edward*  
 took it ill, and said aloud, with  
 some heat, which sufficiently shew-  
 ed his displeasure, *That it should*  
*not be long ere Sovereign Honour were*  
*done to that Garter;* and that,  
*Those who now despise that Garter,*  
*shall one day hold it for an Honour*  
*to wear it.*

As for the Countess, this little  
 Accident not only gave her some

sort of Confusion; she judged at first it might have ill Consequences for her, as to her Husband, to whom this could not fail of being reported, and indeed her conjectures were found true, and what she then forsook did come to pass.

A Court is always but too full of those People, who make it their principal employ and greatest pleasure, to break, by poisonous discourses and malign Detractions, the good understanding they see between some persons, especially in Marriages, wherein a perfect union is very seldom met with at Court. And moreover Love, or perhaps Ambition, had raised *Philenia* a Rival, who rejoiced to find an occasion to do her an injury, and to augment the jealousy of the Earl of *Salisbury*.

This Rival was the Countess of *Stafford*, who had long endeavoured to please *Edward*; whether that she really loved him, or that she only

only aimed at that post for the Favour and Establishment of her Fortune. She was persuaded she had attained her Design, and had charmed the King, for that he had sometimes spoken to her in particular, and entertain'd her with Amorous discourses: But it is an Error and a Vanity pretty usual in Love, for its Votaries to attribute to themselves things that were never thought of, and to fancy themselves beloved, because they wish to be so.

All the Obliging and Carressing discourses the King had entertained the Countess of *Stafford* with, were only a pure effect of the Gallantry Natural to that Prince, and of the good Humour he happened to be in, in those Encounters; for all full of his passion, he had no Eyes nor Heart than for those of the Beautiful *Philenia*.

As there is nothing more penetrating than the jealousies of Rivals,

vals, the Countess of *Stafford* had carefully studied all the paces of *Edward* and of the Countess of *Salisbury*. She had not forgotten the interview at the Countess of *Somerset's* House, where she had caused them to be spied, and she promised her self to exaggerate it sufficiently to the Earl of *Salisbury*, and even to joyn to her recital all such things as might incense him against his Wife.

The Earl arrived at *London* two Days after the Feast and the *Regal* the King had given to the Lovely Countess. When she knew of his approach by one of his Officers which he sent to her before, she grew Melancholy and Pensive; and tho' she had always impatiently wish'd to see him again, several sorts of troubles then arose in her Mind, and she could willingly have expected him still with the same impatience, without that so much desired hour arriving  
so



so soon. She was not ignorant that *Edwards* Carriage had but too well made known to all the World, that his Passion for her was revived, and become more strong and more violent than ever; and tho' she had made no returns to his Love, she apprehended People might accuse her of too much Complaisance for him; because that through all manner of reasons of Decency she had seen her self obliged to assist at that publick Feast which had been solemnized. But as to Generous Souls and Hearts truly faithful, the least deviating thoughts from ones Duty seem unpardonable Crimes, what put her in the most pain, and made her Modesty suffer, was that secret inclination she was sensible she had for the King, and which, in spite of her Virtue, rendred it self from day to day more strong, according as she discovered in Him

new perfections. She imagined, that as soon as the Earl her Husband should see her again, he would discover all her sentiments, and that being even confused for having such as were so new and so opposite to those he had formerly found in her, she should not have the power to conceal them. Nevertheless that she might not give him any occasion of Complaint, she thought not fitting to expect him at her own House; and after, having composed her thoughts as well as she could, she resolved to go meet him as her Duty obliged her to do.

Their interview was about six Miles from *London*, the Countess endeavoured by all manner of Carresses to testify to the Earl the extream joy she had for his delivery and his return: But as it was almost her Virtue alone which made her act in this manner, and that what she felt in her heart for  
the

the King, had made therein a great diversion of tenderness, the Earl was not entirely satisfied. He did not find in her those sweet Extasies, those tender and passionate Motions, those agreeable Sallies, and those impetuous transports usual in Lovers, when after great Misfortunes and a long absence, they at length meet again with what they love. He had besides already learnt that *Edward* had spent a whole Day and Night in the Castle of *Werk*; insomuch, that following the dictates of his diffidence and of his jealousy, he grew confirmed in his suspicions, as Cruel and as Fatal for himself, as they were unjust and injurious to the Countesses Virtue.

She told him that he was very much obliged to the Kings affection and goodness; that she knew it was partly in consideration of him; and of his Delivery, that he

had consented to a Truce with *Scotland* and *France*. After which she fell to exaggerating the Merit and great Qualities of that Prince, with so much the more heat, in that he was not indifferent to her. But she did not take notice, that all those Praises which departed from her heart, were strangely suspected by the Earl, to whom the King became so much the more odious, as she found in him accomplishments. In short, as she was putting a period to a small Relation of what that Prince had performed in the late Conflicts with the *Scots*, she perceived her Husband was profoundly pensive, she then made reflexion upon her Imprudence, and did easily guess she had displeased him, by having spoken so advantageously of *Edward*.

He asked her, somewhat disdainfully and in anger, if she had taken care to thank the King. That  
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my Lord, said *She to him*, was what partly brought me to Court, as well as to pay there my respects to the Queen in the Condition she is in. And as she would have made him some reproaches for his pensiveness and gloomy humour, and represented to him, that it would not be handsome he should appear before the King in that Disposition: *Since you have thanked Him, Madam*, answered the Earl coldly, *I do not see it is a business which requires so much haste: It was to you he granted my return, and my Duty exacts nothing from me in this occasion.*

These Words were as a Dart which pierced the Breast of the unhappy *Philenia*: She no longer doubted then but that her Husband did her the outrage to suspect her fidelity; and though before his departure, he was acquainted with the Kings passion, and had an entire certainty the Countess had

had always rejected Him, even to the imposing on Him silence ; she perceived He was persuaded that in his absence she had not been inexorable to the Kings Addresses. They both remain'd in a terrible sort of anguish, without interchanging a Word, and only sigh'd for sadness, until they saw themselves in *London*.

The Earl went immediately to kiss the Kings Hand, who received him with great marks of affection, and made him all manner of Caresses : But in the state the Earl was in, all was poison to him ; even the very favours he had done him. He fancied the joy which *Edward* made appear, did rather shew the satisfaction and kindness he had received from the Countess, than any other thing.

As Jealousie is Ingenious in seeking wherewith to torment it self, the Earl of *Salisbury* was no sooner gone from the Kings presence,

sence, than that he was contriving to inform himself the most exactly that was possible of all his Wives Conduct during his absence. For that purpose he went to make a Visit to the Countess of *Stafford*, knowing she stood in no good Terms with the Countess his Wife, and believing she would speak to him more openly and with less disguise.

This Cunning Rival infused by Poisoning Discourses into the Earls Heart, a bitterness against his Wife, which almost lasted as long as his life. She assured him that since some time the Countess was at Court, the King and she had daily interviews: She above all exaggerated to him their Rendezvous at the Countess of *Somerset's* House, the gallant Feast which the King had caused to be prepared upon *Philenia's* account, and the eagerness and affectation of that Prince to dance only with her

her at the Ball, the History of the Garter which he had taken up, the stately and magnificent Apparel, the Gay and Chearful Humour in which she always appeared in his presence. In short, she told him but too many things to confirm him in the outraging opinion he had already conceived of the innocent Countess.

Prick'd to the very quick, there came different Resolutions into his Mind, which all destroyed one another; sometimes he had a desire to go demand a secret Audience of the King, and to make him passionate Complaints: Then again he would put some cruel thing in Execution against the unfortunate *Phileas*. But as he found her still reigning powerfully in his heart, he immediately condemned that unjust extravagancy.

When he was return'd to his House, the Countess went into his Chamber



Chamber to entertain him; and seeing him still plung'd in a sad and Melancholy humour, she asked him the reason of it, and if the King had made him a cold Reception.

*The King has received me but too graciously,* answered he, *and would to Heaven he had not Caressed me so highly. And from whence then can proceed this profound pensiveness,* reply'd the Countess? *I am out of humour,* said the Earl to her coldly, *and if your Ladyship would but make a little Reflexion upon your self, you would not find it a difficult matter to guess at the occasion.*

As soon as he had spoken these Words, he entred into a Clofset, shutting the Door after him; in-  
somuch, that the Countess, who was no less afflicted than himself, was obliged to retire likewise into her own Apartment.

Some moments after, the Earl sent for his Gentleman of the Horse, told him he was resolved to

to go immediately to *Werk*, attended only by him, and ordered him to get two Horses ready in all haste, *Yes*, said he, in himself, *tho' I am already but too sure of my misfortune, I will inform my self of all that was done the day and night that Edward spent in the Castle. It will be to no purpose for them to have imposed silence on all my Domesticks; my Cousin, who was then and still is there, will hide nothing from me.*

Whereupon away he went for *Werk*, and being arrived there on the morrow, he took aside *William Montacute* his Cousin, and Confessed to him the suspicions he found himself racked with. He Conjured him by the ties of Blood and Friendship, which united them both, not to conceal any the least circumstance from him, and to tell him what the Countesses Conduct had been during his absence, especially when the King came to see her?

*Monta-*

*Montacute* being persuaded of *Philenia's* Innocence, assur'd him, her Conduct had ever been such as must needs gain her Esteem and Admiration; that he was ignorant of what might have occasioned his suspicions, but that they were false and ill grounded; that in truth, he perceived that the Kings Passion was revived, when that he came into that Castle, which at first he only approached to disperse the *Scots*, and make 'em raise the Siege, but that the Countess had behaved her self in so slippery and so dangerous a juncture, with such Wisdom and Prudence as could not be sufficiently admired. That as when one is ardently in Love, it is very difficult in a long absence to defend one's heart against all the motions of Jealousie which come to agitate it; there was likewise too much weakness and injustice to believe a Person Culpable upon slight Conjectures

jectures and Reports, which most commonly have no other foundation than Interest and Passion; that he ought to call to Mind, that he himself had formerly told him, that he perceived the King was in Love with his Wife; but that this did not alarm him, for that he was too well persuaded of the Countesses Virtue and Fidelity, whose Conduct had been the same till that time with what he had ever seen it.

This judicious and sincere Discourse, had some effect upon the Earls Mind, and did somewhat mitigate his Trouble and Agitation: Yet it did not entirely deface all the ill impressions he had received, but banished from him, that firm belief he had of the Countesses Crime, and put him into doubt and incertainty. On one side, besides what his Cousin had now told him, he considered that the Countess of *Stafford* hated his  
Wife,

Wife, and that all she had said to him might only be an effect of her hatred and her jealousy. But on the other, he called to Mind the Caresses he had received from *Philenia* when she went to meet him, which he had found Cold and Languishing; the Journey she had made to Court, and the extraordinary Attire in which she appeared there; and especially that Fatal Interview at the Countess of *Sommerfet's* House.

Such different *Idea's* divided the Earls heart into contrary sentiments, sometimes favourable, and sometimes injurious to the Countess his Wife. *I do ill*, said he in himself, *and I am a thousand times more Criminal than she, to Condemn her without hearing what she has to say in her own defence. It is not she who reinflames Edward's Passion, it is Chance and the care of Defending his Places against the efforts of the Scots, and I can impute nothing to her on this occasion.* If

*If she has had some light Complaisance for him, I ought to consider he is King, and that Duty and Decency have even imposed upon her a necessity of making him an obliging Reception. In short, all I have heard of her infidelity comes from the mouth of her Enemy, and one that is suspected. But, alas! He is King, He loves her, said he immediately again, and after a mournful manner, and He is a dangerous Rival, to whom very seldom any thing can be refused. Why then should He have stayed so long here, if he had only met with Rigours and Indifferences? Why should he have spent a night in this place? He had no other business than His Passion which detained Him; and there is little pleasure in staying with a Person who rejects us with so much severity. Perhaps my Cousin thought fitting to dissemble the truth, for the sparing me so much Agony. Ah! if it be so, what unhappiness is comparable to mine.*

In

In this disquiet and perplexity he saw himself under, he could have wish'd to have had more information in the business, for the banishing his Umbrage, and for the Detesting his Error, or that he might be entirely assured of his misfortune. He found no other Expedient than to see his Wife again, and to hear her, after having declared to her the cause of his Melancholly; though it be not very usual to accuse one's self, especially in those kind of Encounters; and in so nice a matter as that was, he promised himself to study and observe so carefully her Air, her Eyes, her Face, her Discourses, and all her Motions, that he would discover the truth, in spite of all her Artifices to disguise her self. He did not think fit to go to *London*, for fear he should be oblig'd to go again to Court, before he was come to a right understanding with her, in

a business that so much concerned him. But he dispatched to her a Messenger with a short Letter, by which he desired her to come to him as soon as possible, and that he had an Affair of the highest consequence to Communicate to her.

In the mean while, it came into his Mind to search every where in the Countesses Apartment, before her arrival, if there was not some token of the Kings Love, whether a Picture, Jewels, or some other Present. He a long time sought in vain; but his Fatal Curiosity having push'd him on to the very breaking the Lock of a little Cabinet, which was upon the Table of a Closset, which he had likewise caused to be opened by force, he found therein several Papers, among which was the Letter the King had Written to *Philenia*, after having Concluded a Truce with the *Scots*. As this Letter



ter did only shew that he was in Love with her, and did likewise testifie the care she had taken to procure her Husbands Liberty, and the instances she had made to *Edward* for that intent, she had not put her self to the trouble of tearing it in pieces, because she did not believe any ill Consequences could have been drawn thence against her, and had besides lock'd it up in a Cabinet whereof she had the Key. However the Earl had hardly read it, than he Cryed, *Ah! let us not longer be in doubt and in uncertainty! O Fatal Discovery! I at length know that my Suspicions were but too well founded, and that my misfortune is but too true.*

He paused especially on those Words which were at the end. *Confess that you would be the most Ungrateful of all Women, should you not be mindful of this good Office, and should you longer defer your Coming*  
to

to thank me for it. She was not Ungrateful, said he, since no sooner had she received this Letter, than that she posted to Court. Ah! if she had not had a desire to grant him Favours, those Words alone would have hindred her from stirring from Werk, and she would have judg'd that she was going to be expos'd to Conflicts too dangerous for her Virtue; she loves him, let us no longer doubt of it, and what should be said at present in her Justification, would be to no purpose.

Then it was that those first Motions of Fury and Despair returned into his Soul, and became more impetuous and violent than ever. He meditated Cruel and Fatal Designs against the Countess, and resolved no less than to Extinguish in her Blood, that criminal ardour wherewith she was inflamed for the King. He after let fly against *Edward*, the bitterest  
and

and the most exasperating Complaints imaginable. *How!* said he, *while that I Sacrifice for him my Blood and my Liberty! Behold the recompence of my Services: He is only Contriving here to seduce and snatch from me a Heart that made all my Felicity.*

He was agitated with these Transports when the Countess arrived. If the pensiveness and gloomy silence of the Earl had filled her with perplexing thoughts; the Letter he had sent her had something encouraged her; and she was in great hopes to justify herself, and to make him clearly see his Errour, if he laid any thing to her Charge: she likewise fancied, that he was altogether disposed to hear her, since he so ardently desired to see and speak to her again. But how great was her astonishment! and how great was her surprise! when entering  
 E into

into the Chamber where he was ; and going to approach him , she saw her self so outrageously treated by him , and with all possible indignity ! *Go* , said he to her , with Eyes full of fury , *Faitblefs and Perfidious as you are : Have you the Confidence to come into any place where I am , and still to support my presence after your Infidelities ?*

The unfortunate *Philenia* , as one struck with a Thunderbolt at these Words , remained for some time Motionless without being able to utter a Word. As Jealousie knows how to Poison all things , and gives an ill sense to the most innocent Actions ; the Earl took this Consternation and Dejectedness for a mark of her Confusion. At length raising her self , and the impetuosity of her grief having restored the power of breaking silence : *Tell me then my Crime , my Lord* , said she to him , and by what Misfortune I have deserved to be

*be treated by you so unworthily?*  
 But he made her no other answer,  
 than that he would never see her  
 more, and left her immediately.

How great and sensible was the  
 grief and affliction of *Philenia*,  
 when repassing over all the Acti-  
 ons of her life, she found not any  
 one of 'em that made her any o-  
 ther reproach, than the having had  
 too much fidelity for that ungrate-  
 ful Man? Issued from an Illustri-  
 ous Blood, and which was in no-  
 thing inferior to that of the Earls,  
 she had brought him in Dowry,  
 besides her Beauty and so many  
 Perfections, a vast Estate; and tho'  
 she did not at first perceive in her  
 heart any disposition to Love  
 him, and only consented to be  
 his Wife out of Respect and Sub-  
 mission to the King, who was de-  
 sirous of that Match; her Duty  
 had always done in her since her  
 Marriage, what a strong inclination  
 does in others. Her Virtue like-

wife had even applauded it self for the dangers it had gone through, and the Conflicts it had maintained with so much glory, and for which she did not expect to have received so Cruel a Recompence. She had resisted all the most powerful charms, and especially that secret inclination which she found in her heart for *Edward*, which was the most painful and the finest of her Victories. Yet she saw that the Calumny of her Enemies, and the Earl's blind Jealousie, would imprint upon her a shameful blemish, wherewith she had never been capable to tarnish her Reputation. Go, cryed she tenderly, *too unjust and too ungrateful Husband, since you will have it so, never see me more, and continue to outrage me by thy unworthy Accusations; thus forget all my kindnesses, and all I have done for thee: I assure my self that Heaven, the Protector of Innocence, and which knows the bottom of my Heart, will*  
*have*

have care to Revenge me, and Punish thee; and a day will come, that thou wilt repent of all the outrages I now receive. I do not speak to thee of our Alliance which might have served to change and elevate thy fortune: I know that these reproaches do only belong to mean and sordid Souls. But to the loss of my most tender desires, I made it my only Law to Please and Love thee: how have I always rejected and despised the Vows of a great King, even when my own Heart would have interested it self for Him? Did I make any other use of the power I had over Him, than for the procuring thy Liberty; and all the return thou makest, are injuries and outrages? Ungrateful Man, is this to be supported?

She went all in tears to bid Montacute go find out her Husband, to desire him he would afford her Audience, and hear her justification: But the Earl refused likewise to hear Montacute, and only told him,

that he perceived all the World did Conspire to betray him, and that the account he had given him a while before, was frivolous, and design'd to deceive him. At length, not being able to remain any longer in that condition, she ran to the Clofset Door where the Earl was, and with a voice languishing, and interrupted with sobs and sighs; *Give me then my Death, Cruel Man,* said she to him, *since you will not hear me, and suffer me not to survive my Reputation, which my Enemies have endeavoured to tarnish by the blackest of impostures.*

The Earl was moved to Compassion by her dolorous wailings, and opened to her his Clofset Door; when he saw her all bathed in tears, her Hair dishevelled, her Dress in disorder, and yet that state seemed to heighten the luster of her Charms, it touched him so sensibly, that he himself could hardly forbear weeping.

*How!*



How! my Lord, said the Lovely Countess, looking upon him after an endearing manner, have my Enemies so prepossessed you, that I am barred all access to you at present? And must your return, which I so long and so impatiently expected, and which seemed to promise me all manner of delights, only afford me dismal anguish and trouble? But it is without doubt you who your self, ungrateful Man, being become unconstant, has recourse to this injurious Artifice only to find the more pretext to shun my Company. Yes, cruel Man, if you still loved me, I should have no need of reasons for my Justification, and your own heart would take too much care to plead in my defence. But pray tell me upon what grounds are you so over-persuaded of my infidelity? I know you was to see the Countess of Stafford, my declared Enemy: She I suppose has insinuated something to my disadvantage?

*I should not altogether have relied upon what the Countess of Stafford has told me, answered the Earl; and though I may presume she has said nothing to me but what is true, I should still have suspended my Judgment, if I had not other convincing Evidences, and which you cannot disavow.*

*In saying those Words, he took out of his Pocket the Letter which the King had Written to her.*

*Well, ungrateful Man, resumed the Countess, what do you find more in this Letter, than Evidence of my Love for you, and eagerness to serve, and to free you out of Prison? And wherein do you see that I have listened favourably to the King?*

*But, Madam, said the Earl to her Ladyship, it is but too easy to penetrate what was his prospect and hopes, in desiring you at the end of His Letter, to go thank him; and*  
if

if you had not had a mind to Com-  
ply with His desires, you would  
have seen me returned before you  
went to Court.

How then, reply'd the Countess,  
is it then a Crime to go thank the  
King for his goodness towards you,  
and for the care he had taken you  
should be comprehended in the Treaty?

Yes, Madam, it is a Crime, an-  
swered the Earl bitterly, it is a  
Crime, since you knew well enough  
that you were going to be exposed  
to a great danger; speak to me no  
more hereof, all you could say, will  
never destroy the belief I have of  
it; and the only favour I demand  
of you, is not to see me any more.

No, no, ungrateful Man, I will  
see thee no more, cry'd the Coun-  
tess, I blush at my having too much  
Weakness, and for Courting still  
with so much Zeal, a Person for  
whom I have ever had a faithful  
affection, and from whom I only  
receive outrages.

E 5; Having

Having said these Words, she withdrew; they spent several Days in equal pains and disquiets, without seeing one another, or interchanging a Word; and their Quarrel and Division made so much noise, that it was not long without reaching the Kings Ears.

*Edward*, doubting this was a meer effect of the Earls unjust Jealousie, sent an expresse Order to them both, to appear immediately at Court. The Countess did not at all defer departing, and was very glad to go make her Complaints to the King. As for the Earl, he sitated for some Days; and at the length, fearing to incur the Kings displeasure, and making reflexion, that *Edward* was of a violent humour, and would be obeyed, he followed the Countess.

As soon as the King saw the Countess, He prevented her Representations,

presentations, by telling her, He was informed, that Jealousie had so possessed the Earl her Husband; that instead of thanking her at his return for the good Offices she had done him, he made her suffer a thousand Indignities. He Conjured her not to dissemble with him, that this Affair was so publick, and made so much noise, nothing else was talked of at Court.

The Countess confessed the Earl had used her after a very undeserving manner, yet the Conduct she had always had during his absence, was exempt from all suspicion and all reproach, and that she would have no other Witness of her innocence, than His Majesty himself.

*He is ungrateful, Madam, answered the King, and your Ladyship ought at length to acknowledge that he renders himself unworthy of your Love. However, as I do*

do not doubt but that I have been the cause of all this Extravagancy, I am very willing to remedy it, and to reconcile you together. I will discourse the Earl, as soon as he shall see me in compliance to my Order; and though all that comes from the mouth of a Rival may be suspected, I will speak to him after such a manner, as I hope will justifie you entirely to him, and destroy in his heart, all the ill impressions he has received against you. And indeed the first time the Earl went to see the King, that Prince took him aside, and having caused him to follow Him into a Clofset, He spoke to him in this manner.

My Lord, I know you will be surpris'd at what I am going to say to you, and that it is something a strange discourse to entertain a Husband withal; but I find my self forced to it for Truths sake, and I leave you afterwards the Liberty to believe of it as you please. I know,  
and

and you would deny it to me in vain, that you have taken an Umbrage and Jealousie of me, because you have been informed I stayed half a day and a night in your Castle at Werk. To shew you how sincere I am, I am willing to confess to you, that the Beauty and Charms of Philenia had inflamed my heart, and that I used all my efforts to lay battery to her heart, and to insinuate myself into her affections. But I must likewise tell you, with the same sincerity, for your repose and for her glory, that never was Constancy and Fidelity equal to hers, and that she was not to be staggered by any Offer or Promises; all that I was able to obtain from her, was a desire to endeavour the procuring your freedom as soon as possible; insomuch that my Passion is changed into the highest esteem for her, and into admiration. If I do not give you a true account, may Heaven, the Enemy of perjuries, punish me this very moment before your  
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*Eyes. Cease then to outrage the Countess by such unjust and ill grounded suspicions, and restore her your Affection and your Confidence: This is what I desire of you out of the affection I have ever had for you, and what I Command you as your King.*

The Earl of Salisbury cast himself at *Edwards* feet, confessed to Him his weakness, and with what sentiments of Jealousie he had been possessed; he protested to Him he would think thereof no more, and that he would thence forward live with *Philenia*, as with a Person he tenderly loved, and with whom he had reason to be entirely satisfied. But as this discourse, which he thought an artifice of the King newly concerted with *Philenia*, instead of Curing him, did but probe and search to the bottom the wounds his heart had received, he still misused the Countess, and nourished against the King a secret resentment, so great,

great, that some Historians have written, yet without any other foundation, that the Earl went afterwards to deliver himself to the *French*, whose interests he espoused against *Edward*.

However, these Domestick troubles of the Earl were dissipated or at least suspended, by the arrival of *Emery de Clisson*, whom *Marguerite* Countess of *Montfort*, and Daughter of *Robert*, Count of *Flanders*, had sent into *England*, to demand succours of *Edward*, against *Charles* Count de *Blois*. It is convenient to explain here the occasion of the Dispute which happened between the Count de *Blois*, and the Count de *Montfort*.

*John* Duke of *Britany* being dead, without Children, had by his Will instituted for his Heiress, *Claude* only Daughter of *Guy*, Count de *Blois* his Brother, who had already married *Charles* de *Blois*, youngest Son of the Count  
de

*de Blois*; But *John Comte de Montfort*, third Brother of *John Duke of Britany*, pretending this Will could not subsist to the prejudice of his Rights, declared himself his Brothers Heir, and presumptive Successour; and under that Name went immediately to take Possession of *Britany*. But he imagined *Philip of Valois* would not be favourable to his pretensions, and that he would rather incline on the *Count de Blois's* side, by reason of proximity of Blood; for the *Count de Blois* was the Son of *Marguerite of France*, Sister of *Philip the Fair*, and *Philip of Valois's* Aunt.

Wherefore to maintain Himself in the possession of that Province against the *Count of Blois* and the King himself, the *Count de Montfort* took it upon Title of Homage and Allegiance to the King of *England*; thereupon the *Count de Blois* Cited him before the Peers of *France*, where he appeared

peared immediately. But distrust-  
ing his Cause in that place, and  
foreseeing he should be Condemn-  
ed by those Judges, he retired  
secretly into *Britany* before the  
Tryal of the Process. Thus by  
an Arrest given at *Conflans*, he  
was on the seventh day of *Sep-*  
*tember* in the Year 1341. Declared,  
Degraded and Deprived of the  
Right he pretended to in *Britany*,  
and that Province adjudged to  
the Count of *Blois* his Antago-  
nist, whom *John Duke of Nor-*  
*mandy*, and who succeeded him,  
went to put in Possession by main  
force. He Besieged and took the  
Count of *Montfort* in *Nants*, where  
he had Fortified himself, and sent  
him Prisoner to *Paris* in the Castle  
of the *Louvre*.

However the Countess of *Mont-*  
*fort* his Wife, did not lose Cou-  
rage for the Misfortune and Cap-  
tivity of her Husband, and shew-  
ed then in her self alone both the  
Valour

Valour of a great Captain, and the Ability of a Consummated Minister. True it is that what the Historians say of that new *Amazone*, is somewhat astonishing and worthy of admiration; for she reassembled in her, Qualities which seem pretty often incompatible; she knew how to joyn all the Cabinet Policy to Execution and Force of Arms. She retired into *Hennebon*, a strong place of *Britany*, where the *Count de Blois* went to Besiege her. And we may say she performed in this Siege, things above her Sex, and which surpass all belief; and that all along she signalized her Courage with as much luster as the most famous Governour of the place.

While the Besiegers were making an Assault, having caused her self to be Armed, she went from Street to Street through all the Town, to animate the Besieged to the making a Brave Defence; in-

insomuch, that after her Example there was not a Lady young or old, married or unmarried, or any other Woman, but rendred her self useful in that pressing necessity, as by casting from the top of the Walls Stones, Oyl, scalding hot Liquor upon the Besiegers.

As she perceived from the top of a Tower that the Enemies Tents were empty, and that they were all at the Attack, she took Horse immediately, and at the head of fixty Men made a Salley through the Postern Gate, without being perceived, and burnt the Tents of the Besiegers; which put the *Count de Blois* into such an astonishment, that he was, as it were, struck dumb, and thought himself betrayed by his own Men.

Thus while she was sustaining this Siege with so much ardour and courage, she sent, as we have said, *Emery de Clisson* with the young

young Prince, the Countesses Son, only four years of Age, to demand Succours of the King of *England*. *Edward* caused him to be received by the Earl of *Salisbury*; and it was this Employ which drew the Earl out of that profound Melancholly and Sorrow wherein he was continually plunged. After several Conferences, it was resolved the King should send Succours to the Countess of *Montfort*, upon Condition that the young Count her Son should Marry the Princess *Mary*, *Edward's* Daughter, and that she should be called the Dutcheß of *Britany*.

These Succours which consisted of six thousand *English* Archers, and several Lords, departed out of *England* under the Conduct of *Walter de Manny*; and though they were tossed and stayed by a Tempest for forty days together, they nevertheless arrived soon enough



nough before *Hennebond*, to cause the Count of *Blois* to raise the Siege, and so delivered the Countess of *Montfort*. This made way for a Truce of a year between the two Parties, during which the Countess (who still meditated in her heart, a desire of revenge against the *Count de Blois* upon her Husband's account, whom this Truce did not set at Liberty) went into *England*, where her young Son was, personally to represent the State of her Affairs to *Edward*, who received her with all the Honours and Respects which her Sex and her own Merit demanded.

This Prince renewed for her those publick rejoycings, with that magnificence as was usual to him. Daily were there Turnaments, running at the Ring, Balls, splendid Collations, and never had the Court of *England* been so abounding in Pleasures. All the most  
considerable

considerable Lords thought it their Duty to regal the Countess of *Montfort* in their turns; and Love, which is always intruding, did not forget it self in those Assemblies. The Ladies made new Conquests there, and amongst others, the Eyes of that Princess had no less power over the heart of the Earl of *Salisbury*, than her arm had shewn at the Siege of *Hennebon*.

The suspicions, tho unjust and ill grounded, which the Earl still entertained of his Wives infidelity; and Enjoyment, which sooner or later is disgusting even in the most charming Beauties, had almost extinguished his passion for the Lovely *Philenia*. But as the heart of Man cannot be without an Amusement, and that it only leaves one Object for the pursuing another, the Earl had not seen the Princess twice without making tryal of the power of her Charms.

Charms. Perhaps likewise there was mingled some malign design of revenging himself thereby of those outrages he fancied to have received from his Wife. Be it as it will, the Countess of *Montfort* did then possess all his affections.

The Beauty of this Princess did not come near that of the Countess of *Salisbury*, there was no Comparison; but Love is fantastical, and we cannot often render any other reason why we Love a person, than that because we find our selves forced to do so. Not but that the Countess of *Montfort* had amiable Qualities. Her shape was advantageous, she had the Air and the Port of a Princess, she had a great deal of Vivacity in her Eyes as well as in her Conversation, a haughty Carriage, and full of a certain disdain, which only served to be the more attracting. Besides, that Warlike meen, and which favour-  
ed

ed of a Heroin, did not a little  
Contribute to the making her be-  
loved; and the Idea of the great  
Actions she had performed, was  
no less a charming Portrait in  
Mens hearts, than that of the  
most accomplish'd Countenance.

The Earl of Salisbury sigh'd for  
some time in secret, because he found  
some difficulty, and even danger,  
to declare his Passion; he ex-  
treamly dreaded the anger and  
slights of the Princess. But has  
Love only speech to make it self  
understood? Though the Earl did  
not make her a Confession in for-  
mal terms, as she had penetrating  
Eyes and Wit, she was not long  
without perceiving she had made a  
new Conquest. He eagerly sought  
all occasions to see her, and follow-  
ed her every where. When he  
saw himself for a while alone with  
her, he blush'd and grew pale  
from time to time: He extoll'd  
her with heat, and took delight  
in

in examining her Heroick Qualities, then all on a sudden, he fell into a profound pensiveness, and did nothing but sigh, without saying a Word. All this told the Princess more than if he had said to her, *I Love you*. Perhaps that at another juncture she would have taken the Earl's Love for something injurious, and that she would either carefully have avoided his presence, or severely repressed his audaciousness, if he had been so bold as to have made her an amorous Declaration. But in that Conjunction of her Affairs, it was her interest to manage the Earl's Friendship. He was *Edward's* Favourite, had a great influence over him; and though it had been only in consideration of *Philenia* that Prince would have ever much complied with the Earls Counsels, who beside was very able in Affairs, and a great Politician.

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Thus

Thus the Princess, far from being vexed to see he was fallen in Love with her, applauded her self for the power of her Eyes; she resolved to flatter that Lovers Passion, and promised her self to make a good use of the Empire she had over him, and for the promoting more ambitious than amorous Designs. She made it also her study to favour him in particular Conversations; and tho' he was indifferent to her heart, she took delight in entring into private Conferences, that she might engage him more and more; insomuch that this emboldened the Earl, if not to declare openly his passion, at least to speak to her thereof in certain terms, which, without wounding Respect, might easily be understood.

*I do not believe, Madam, said he one day to her, that the King will refuse me the Liberty of going into Britany with the Succours he has promised*

*promised you, to fight your Enemies, when the Truce, which is suddenly to expire, will be at an end. But I know not if on your side you will allow of the extream Passion I have to serve you, and to sacrifice all things to your interests. Yes, Madam, you may be persuaded, that in the admiration of the Fine and almost incredible Actions you have done, and which makes all the World look upon you at present as the Amazone and Glory of our Age, I shall make all my joy and all my happiness consist in following you, and marching in that Path of Glory you have traced out to us.*

The Princess made him answer, that, very far from refusing that generous Succours he offered, she acknowledged she should have great need of it in the present posture of her Affairs; that she did not doubt but that a Man whose Valour had been tryed in so many important Encounters,

would serve yet more advantageously against her Enemies ; that she would look upon it as an Obligation, and would shew him her Acknowledgement in all manner of occasions.

*Alas ! Madam , answered the Earl, giving a great sigh, all the acknowledgment I desire, and dare ask of you, is, that you would suffer me to have the honour of serving you all my life, as well during Peace as during War,*

*Well, my Lord, said the Princess to him, smiling, serve me well in this War which is now preparing, and we will think of the rest afterwards.*

By this answer, and several others as engaging, the Earl thought he stood in better terms with the Princess than he really did. He did not content himself with regaling her as well as others in his turn, he entertained her likewise with a magnificent Feast, where  
were



were none but Ladies, except the King; who was willing to do that honour to the Earl of *Salisbury*; and though it was only to see *Philenia*, this Prince, designing to calm, as much as was possible for him, the Mind of a jealous Husband, that he might have afterwards the more Liberty of seeing and speaking to his Mistress, held a Conduct contrary to the inclination of his heart.

The Countess of *Stafford* was not forgotten at this Entertainment, as well by reason she was one of the most Witty, and most facetious Ladies of the Court, as for that the Earl, who had thought the King had formerly had some inclination for her, was very glad to furnish all manner of occasions proper for the rekindling that Love, and for the extinguishing in the heart of *Edward*, the Passion he nourished for *Philenia*. This Prince thought fit then to constrain

strain his affection to that degree, that he hardly spoke to the Countess, and the few things he said to this Lady, he uttered them after a very cold manner, and with an Air which shew'd an entire indifference for her; and he took delight in saying a thousand obliging Gallantries to the Countess of *Stafford*; insomuch that all the World was thereby deceived, and People easily persuaded themselves he was really in Love with this last Lady. She her self above all fell first into this Errour which was so acceptable to her heart, she already made a triumph of it in Idea, and thinking to have supplanted her Rival, she began from that moment to shew in her Eyes, in her Countenance, and in her Discourses, such a Pride and Haughtiness, as found occasion to bely themselves in the sequel.

As for the Earl of *Salisbury*, though the Kings presence did  
him

him some violence, and obliged him to some constraint, yet as it is very difficult to retain and conceal intirely the impetuous transports of an enflamed heart, he failed not to entertain the Countess of *Montfort*, and to speak to her of his Passion; he swam in joy, and never could he better punish to his Mind the infidelity of his Wife. He saw that *Edward* abandoned her, and applyed himself to another, and for his part he esteemed himself altogether happy, in that he could entertain a Princess he loved, and who listened favourably to all he durst say to her.

*The end of the first Part.*

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THE  
COUNTESS  
OF  
Salisbury;  
OR, THE  
ORDER  
OF THE  
GARTER.

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An Historical Novel.

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PART II.

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Done out of *French* by  
Mr. FERRAND SPENCE.

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London, Printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes  
in *Russel-street* in *Covent-garden*, 1692.

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THE  
Countess of *Salisbury*;  
OR, THE  
Order of the *Garter*.

THE sad Countess of *Salisbury*, was more grieved than I can express at the sight of all these things. Though she had never flattered the Kings Passion, yet the being beloved is nevertheless very pleasing to all the Fair Sex, even at the very same time they avoid all manner of Engagement, and cannot suffer others should possess a heart to which they refuse their own. All the Caresses which *Edward* had Cajoled the Countess of *Stafford* with, were in *Philenia's* Breast as so many stabs with a Poyard.

yard: Her heart called him several times, Traytour, Cheat, and Imposture. Not but that this Prince look'd upon her from time to time after the most tender and touching manner imaginable, to let her know he was ever faithful to her, and that all the Courtship he made to the Countess of *Stafford*, was only a Politick Artifice, to which he forced his mouth, and wherein his heart had not any share. But Jealousie had prepossessed *Philenia*, and as it blinded her entirely, it hindred her from seeing in the King, ought besides unfaithfulness and inconstancy. The Addresses her Husband made to the Countess of *Montfort* were to her a no less mortifying Circumstance; and tho' she had suffered a very severe Penance through the Umbrage he had taken of her Conduct, she would still have rather chosen to see her self exposed to all the fatal



tal Effects of his Rage and Jealousie, than to see him offer, at another Shrine than hers, a heart that was her due.

As concerning *Edward*, he considered the Earls Passion for the Princess as a thing very much to the advantage of his Amour; for he foresaw this would be capable of lulling asleep the Jealousie of his Rival, who would not have time to spy with so much care, all that should pass between him and the Charming *Philenia*; and moreover, this Fair One being sorely outraged at this new injury the Earl did her, much more sensible than all others, would be perhaps more favourable to him. And indeed he was not mistaken in his Conjectures. The Countess of *Salisbury* did then resolve in her heart that her Conduct with that Illustrious Lover should be for the future more and more endearing, as well for the recovering that

that Conquest, and hindering her Rival from usurping a heart which had been so long in her possession, as for the exasperating and reviving the Earl her Husband's Jealousie. But she wished the Countess of *Montfort* dead a thousand times, and that those Billows which had brought her into *England* might have buried her in the Sea: Her resentment became so great, and her grief so impetuous, as that she could not conceal the transports of it from her Rival, as soon as she had an opportunity of speaking to her in private. Nay, she went to make her a Visit for that purpose, and told her she could not have believed she would have come so far as into their Island, only with a design of making Conquests, and instead of demanding the Succours she was said to have occasion for, to amuse her self in the seducing the Hearts and Liberties of several persons.

The

The Princess did at first but laugh at this Compliment, which she took for a Gallantry and an obliging flattery of the Countess; but seeing she continued the same Discourse, changed the accent of her voice, and told her after a very serious manner, that the easiness and attention wherewith she was pleased to hearken to the protestations and amorous Discourses of Husbands, would give a blemish to her Reputation, and might do her an injury in the world; the Princess perceived with what Disease the Countess was taken. She in like manner took up her serious Humour, and her usual Haughtiness. Go, Madam, said she to the Countess, cure yourself of your Jealousie, and be not apprehensive of me, I have no desire to make any enterprize upon what belongs to you; and if I have with some attention listned to all my Lord your Husband has said to me. it was

*in me only an effect of Civility; and for that I knew very well it would have been ridiculous to have boggled at a trifle in a juncture that is only destined to joy.*

These Words imposed silence on *Philenia*, who, after having made excuses to the Countess of *Montfort*, did not sit any farther into this matter; not that she was entirely satisfied with this Answer, Jealousie is not so easily dissipated, but she saw her self constrained to confine it all in her own Bosom.

In the mean while the Countess of *Stafford*, thinking her self already Mistress of Fortune and Favour, by means of the Love she imagined the King had for her, thought only of seeking all occasions of pleasing and engaging Him more and more. But she was strangely surpriz'd and grieved, when she found she was mistaken, and that the sequel was so little answerable to such favourable beginnings.

ginnings. When she saw the King again, as it is natural and usual for all Lovers to speak of what they Love, all that Prince's Discourse to her was of *Philenia*, extolling more than ever her Beauty, her Wit, and all her other Lovely Qualities. In short, he confessed he was infinitely in Love with her; this was no small trouble and mortification for a Rival, to hear the praises of her Enemy from the same Mouth she expected her own.

The Countess of *Stafford* was so sensibly toucht at this prank which *Edward* and Fortune played her, as made her resolve to be reveng'd, let what would come of it; and for that purpose, had recourse to artifice. She would at least augment the Jealousie which *Philenia* had conceived of her, and confirmed her still some time in the opinion she had she was beloved by *Edward*: She knew a Man who had  
been

been long employ'd by that Prince in Affairs, and had been disgrac'd at Court for his indiscretion, and likewise upon some suspicions of Correspondence with Strangers. He knew very well how to Counterfeit *Edward's* Hand and Character. She Communicated to him her desire, and told him she was desirous he should suppose a Letter from that Prince addressed to her, of which she gave him the following Model.

**Y**our Ladyship is too nice in Love, to have taken Umbrage for that you say you saw me some days ago eye the Countess of Salisbury. Know it was an effect of my policy, and that I was very glad to conceal thereby our Commerce. Besides you may be assured, Lovely Countess, that Rival is intirely Banish'd from my heart, and that there will never be any one besides your Ladyship whose Charms I shall Adore, and whom I shall

*shall always take a pride to please.*

Edward.

And its Superfcription was, For the *Lovely Countess* of Stafford.

The Countess having taken from the hands of that Man this Letter, written so as she desired it, put it into her Pocket, waiting with impatience for an occasion of using it to such a purpose as might produce the effect she wished it might have. And as Fortune did not furnish her with any, she her self contrived an opportunity. She forced her self to go pay a visit to her Rival, whom she knew was indisposed. After some Discourses wherein dissimulation was not wanting on either side, the Countess took a Handkerchief out of her Pocket, as it were to wipe her Face, and dexterously let fall the Letter she had a mind should come to *Phile-nia's* Hands, who being in her Bed did but too soon perceive the  
Countess

Countess had let fall a Paper out of her Pocket, but was ignorant for what design she had done so. She was far from giving her notice of it, and by a curiosity pretty Natural to the Sex, wished the Countess might not perceive it, that she might see what it was after she was gone. But this curiosity redoubled extreamly, when that fixing her looks upon it, she perceived it was a Letter, and likewise fancied she could distinguish the Character, and that it was the Kings Hand. A great disorder was then apparent in her Countenance, and she was taken with such a distraction of thought, as her answers were not very pertinent in the Discourse they were upon.

The Countess of *Stafford*, seeing things work'd up to the desired point, would then take leave of her, and told her, that if she was not deceived, she observed a  
change



*change and a new alteration in her Face, and that it was undoubtedly her too long Conversation which had fatigued her Ladyship; and that she did but too late perceive, that of those Visits which are made to the Sick, the shortest are the most obliging: She went away as soon as she had finished these Words.*

*Philenia no sooner saw her self free, to content her Curiosity, than getting from her Bed, she gathered up the Letter. She thought she could not be mistaken when she read the Superscription, and that it was the Kings Writing. Her spight and trouble then became extream, when she saw it was a Letter which he wrote to her Rival; she no longer doubted of his inconstancy and his infidelity, and judged even before she read it, that what he Writ to her was tender and passionate. At that moment hearing a noise, she hid the Letter under her Pillow.*

*It*

It was the Countess of *Stafford*, who came back to give the more weight and probability to her artifice, pretending to be much concerned, and affecting a great deal of trouble. *Philenia* asked her what made her return, and what was the cause of her concern.

The Countess made answer, she had just perceived that by taking a Handkerchief out of her Pocket she had let fall a Paper which was of extream Consequence to her, and came back to see if it had not fallen by chance in that Chamber. *Philenia* said she had seen no such thing; insomuch as the Countess took leave of her a second time, still affecting a great trouble and a great uneasiness for the Letter she had lost.

Then the Countess of *Salisbury* was at Liberty to read therein her misfortune, and thought her self the most unhappy of all Women. *How!* said she, *this Prince*  
who

who swore to me with so much transport, he had Eyes for no Charms but mine, and would Love me Eternally, let me treat him how I would, is then already become inconstant, or rather, the Cruel one makes me a Property, and all I thought Love, has been hitherto Dissimulation. And I for the fruit of his imposture and treachery, see my self exposed to the Jealousie, Resentment, and Infidelitie of a Husband: Ah! this is too much! It is not sufficient to struggle with, as I have hitherto done, the tender sentiments which my Bosom has ever nourished for that ungrateful Prince; let us entirely stifle this fatal tenderness, and joyning a just resentment to my Duty, let us shew so much Love to the Earl of Salisbury, as that he may acknowledge never any besides himself had been able to reach my heart, and cease to outrage me by his inconstancy.

Philenia

*Philenia* performed all the Resolutions which her resentment had made her take. After being recovered from a light indisposition she had lain under, she employed all her thoughts and time in contriving how to destroy in the Soul of her Husband the ill impressions his Jealousie had made there, and to shew him all the transports, and all the fondness of a passionate Lover. But all this endearing Conduct was to no purpose, the Earls passion for the Countess of *Montfort* had already taken too deep a root in his heart, and besides he made it his delight to see the unfortunate *Philenia* thus punished for her infidelity, abandoned by the King as well as by himself; so as she saw her self constrained to be left all alone as a prey to her griefs and troubles. Not but that *Edward*, who was more in Love with her than ever, used all his efforts to undeceive her, but she being over-persuaded,

suaded of his inconstancy, would never allow him an opportunity to justifie himself.

As the term of the Truce between the Countess of *Montfort*, and the *Count de Blois*, which was to expire in the midst of *May*, was at hand, the King was then busie in concluding all things with the Princess, and in causing the Succours to be prepared, which he granted for the pursuing her pretensions. The Alliance which was to be made between 'em, by the Marriage of the *Count de Montfort* with the Princess *Mary*, *Edward's* Daughter, was confirmed, and this Prince gave a Powerful Assistance, under the Conduct of *Robert de Artois*, whom he had made Earl of *Richmond*.

*Robert de Artois*, Count of *Hainault*, had Married *Joan of Valois*, King *Philip's* Sister: But by reason that in a process he had in the Parliament of *Paris*, it was

G

pretend-

pretended the Writings he produc'd were for'gd, and therefore the Cause went against him, he made his retreat to *Edward* in *England*, transported with rage against the *French*, and with a design to kindle an immortal War between *England* and *France*. For that purpose he represented to *Edward*, the just pretension he had upon *France*, and gave him to understand that Crown belong'd to him by the Succession of *Isabella* of *France* his Mother, Sister of King *Lewis Hutin*, *Philip* the Long, and *Charles* the Fair. This Count was extreamly well Allied, for he had Married one of his Daughters to *Edward*; the second to the Emperour of *Germany*; another to the Duke of *Fuliers*; and fianced the fourth to the Son of the Duke of *Brabant*; yet the Match between that young Prince and her was never Consummated, for *Philip de Kalois* made him his Son in Law.

Thus

Thus it was in the Earl of *Richmond*, that *Edward* Confided the Succours he gave to the Countess of *Montfort*, and he could not have made choice of a fitter Person for the promoting his Designs, nor whose hatred was more ardent, implacable, and more constant against the *French*.

The Earl of *Salisbury*, seeing all was ready to depart, would no longer defer asking the Kings leave to accompany the Earl of *Richmond* and the Princess, that he might prepare his Equipage. He granted his request with so much the more joy, as by this means he rid himself a second time of a troublesome Rival, whose absence and remoteness might facilitate to him the more opportunities of justifying himself to *Philenia*. Besides he judged this Fair one had no reason to be satisfied with her Husband, in regard of his inclination to the Countess of *Montfort*, and

therefore had more than ever reason to hope for a good success in his amorous Designs.

The Countess of *Montfort* went to take Her leave of the Countess of *Salisbury*, which was to *Philenia* a new subject of Grief and Vexation, especially when the Princess would needs recall the Idea of Her jealousy, and moreover assured Her, that during that absence she had nothing to fear from Her part, and that when she should see the Earl again she would find him more faithful, and more passionate than ever. *Philenia* took all these words for lashes of raillery, by which the Princess would needs insult her unhappy Circumstances. As for the Earls adieu to her, there could nothing be less tender and more indifferent: He was very far from those amorous Complaints, those passionate Regrets, those fears so very touching, Protestations and  
Oaths



Oaths which he had always made her, when he had been constrain'd to quit her only for some Days: It seem'd on the contrary as if she was become so indifferent to him, that he was no longer in pain what her Conduct might be during this second absence: He was only full of the Charms of the Countess of Montfort, thought of nothing but to give her as soon as possible: Illustrious Testimonies of the Passion he had to serve her. *Ah! Madam,* said he to her, when he saw her, *my impatience thinks it long till I am engag'd with our Enemies, and that I may justify by Actions what hitherto I have been only able to make known to you by words! That happy Day of our departure will it never come?*

The Countess let him know she was no less impatient than himself to be gone, and that she should promise her self a happy success in their Expedition, had she

seen only in him that illustrious and longing ardour to be ingaged with the Enemies.

At length came that so desired Day: The Countess of *Montfort*, with her Young Son, the Earl of *Richmond*, the Earl of *Salisbury*, and all the Troops Embark'd. But what good presage soever the Princess and the Earl of *Salisbury* had formed to themselves, they were vigorously received and fought by Prince *Lewis* of *Spain*, who was then in the Interests of *France* and Partisan of the Count *de Blois*, but a Storm arising, obliged the two Fleets to part: They landed very happily after this Engagement; went and laid Siege to the City of *Kannes*, which they took after some days beleaguering.

In the mean while *Edward* no sooner saw the Succours embark'd, than that he thought of deceiving *Philenia*; but this he found no easie matter, for she was so prepossessed

prepossessed with her jealousy; that her Heart refused all other light. She likewise desired this Prince, with so much fervency, that she neither might see nor speak to him any more, that he still apprehended the afflicting her, if he resisted that request, and thought it was most convenient to let this torrent pass.

Nevertheless she staid at *London*, and would not go to *Werk*, tho' it was in Summer, and that she commonly spent there all that agreeable Season, because that pleasant place was become odious to her, since the King had lain there a Night, and after the injurious Treatment she had received there from her Husband. Thus all alone, given up as a Prey to her Afflictions, and her Imagination ever full of Fatal Objects, she fell into an incredible Melancholly and Languishment, which proceeded so far, as to bring her in-

to a high Feaver, which quickly made her Life thought to be in danger.

This fill'd the King with a mortal Grief; and, without considering if the renewing of his Visits would not likewise renew the rumours which had been formerly spread abroad of his Passion for the Countess, he went often to see her, and endeavoured to comfort her by all the softest words that Love can put into the Mouth of a Lover as passionate as unfortunate.

*Philenia* look'd upon him, after a sad and languishing manner, and without vouchsafeing to make him any answer, sometimes vented a great sigh, and turned on the other side, giving him but too well to understand she was not satisfied with him, and that he had contributed to her Sickness.

Then it was the luster of her Beauty diminished with her strength,

strength, that her Eyes lost that  
 Flame and that Vivacity, which  
 was before so great and dazling,  
 that their glances were hardly to  
 be supported; and her Complexi-  
 on, which had ever been so anima-  
 ted, became pale, and render'd her  
 Face all disfigured and hardly to  
 be known. Oh! the grief, or ra-  
 ther despair for *Edward*, when  
 he saw so many Charms and Beau-  
 ties ready to be buried for ever  
 in the obscurities of the Tomb!  
*How!* said He, *all those inesti-*  
*mable Treasures are going to be ra-*  
*vished from me by a Cruel Death?*  
*I see, I see that adorable Person*  
*who is ready to be deprived of light,*  
*her Malady augments every moment,*  
*her Destiny is near its end: And of*  
*all that was the Object of my Love,*  
*my Joy and Admiration, there will*  
*remain no more than a sad remem-*  
*brance, an Image in the bottom of*  
*my Heart which will only serve to*  
*add to my Afflictions. But no, I*

*will follow her; light is odious to me, and more hideous than the horror of darkness, if it does not shine for the Object I adore.*

As he was not ignorant that the corroding Cares wherewith she was devoured did by much augment the violence of her sickness, He desired her to moderate them, and to tell him the occasion; but this did only tend to the exasperating her the more. In short, as one day the Fit of her Fever, as well as of her anguish, had given her some little respite, and that her Mind had tranquillity enough to take a view of all her unhappiness, seeing her self still pressed by Edward; *Ah! Cruel Prince, said she sighing, Can you ask me what it is that troubles me, when you are the only Cause thereof? Is it not you who by your pretended tenderness have raviſt from me my Husband's Affection? Is it not you who have kindled in*  
his

his Heart a Passion for another? Who have made me incur his hatred and resentment? But what do I say? These are the least of my misfortunes. Is it not you, ungrateful as you are, who after having made me a Property, and abused me so long by treacherous Protestations, to render my grief the more sensible and more fatal, are entred into Engagements with my mortal Enemy. After this, Cruel Prince, do you still demand what it is that troubles me? And if you consult your Heart, is it not alone sufficient to confound you? Suffer me therefore to go seek my quiet in the Grave, since life is odious and insupportable to me, and cease offering me a succour which cannot recal me to Life without making me the more lively sensible of my misfortune.

It was very surprizing to this Prince to meet with this reproach, since his Heart had been so far from the injurious Sentiments,  
and

and the criminal Inconstancy that was laid to his Charge. Ah! Madam, cryed He, it must be confessed I am the most unhappy of all Men, if you have been able to believe I had conceived Love for any other than your Ladyship, and that all my Oaths, my Protestations, Affiduites and pursuits were only the effect of a base dissimulation, and a deceitful appearance. This is too cruel an injustice, and too sensible an outrage. True it is, that once at your House, and in your Presence, I forc'd my Mouth to say many things to the Countess of Stafford, which my Heart did never own, and that it was only to serve you I took this course; it being with no other design than for the calming and lulling asleep the Umbrage of a Husband in company. Ah! if you had sometimes look'd upon my Eyes, they would have undeceived you at the very instant: They were but too careful of giving you notice that all I said



to that Rival was against my own Sentiments; in fine, they might have assured your Ladyship more than ever of the constancy and fidelity of a Heart you will always possess. Yet I did not altogether rely upon this Conduct, I have sought since that fatal moment for all manner of occasions to justify my self by word of Mouth, but you have still had the Cruelty to refuse me Audience.

This Discourse made great impressions upon the Countess of Salisburys mind; and did much weaken the belief she had entertained of his having deceived her: She began also to suspect some artifice in the Countess of Stafford; it was easie for her to inform herself by the forged Letter which she still kept; but as Edward was a Prince extreamly violent, she would not speak to him thereof that time, that she might not give occasion to the noise and transports which might have prov'd  
injurious

injurious to her, in a time she had only need of repose. She contented her self with telling him she had nevertheless a convincing proof of his Passion for the Countess of *Stafford*, which she would one day shew him. It was to no purpose that he press'd her to shew it him without delay, swearing to her he had never given any other Marks of Love to that Countess, than what he had told her of. She made him answer, they would talk thereof another time, when she was better, if she happened to recover her Health; that if she was dear to him, she desired he would not press her any more upon that point. He accordingly obeyed, and took leave of her, after having made her promise she would allow of the help of proper Remedies for her Cure, which she had till then neglected, and having assured he would come to see her every day, and that she

she should hear from him when extraordinary business prevented his coming.

As sadness and grief are of so dangerous and venomous a nature, as to contribute more than all things towards the nourishing and enflaming Diseases; so there are no Remedies more salutary and efficacious than joy and tranquillity of mind; for which reason, by the same degrees the Countess's suspicions and jealousy diminished, her Health was fortified; her Flesh was seen daily to augment, her Eyes recovered their former luster, and her Complexion its former vivacity; so as after so great a danger she had been in, her Health was at length fully re-established.

It is not necessary to represent the excess of *Edward's* joy at that happy change; the greatness of it is only to be compared to the greatness of his Love, and to that  
of

of his grief, when he saw her in so deplorable a Condition. One day that he could not see her, for that he was continually employed in the Affairs of his State, he nevertheless stole a quarter of an hour to write the Letter which follows, and he sent it her accordingly.

**I** am all this day so pestered with business, as that I am afraid it will not allow me time to make your Ladyship a Visit; which is a greater mortification than I can express: Though all the pains a Prince takes for the good of his State are glorious and illustrious, a little of your Conversation would be more sweet to my Heart than all this glory; pity me then, Madam, and render me more justice than formerly, and believe all the moments I spend out of your Company, are as so many moments lost to Edward.

Philenia

*Philenia* conceived no little joy at the receipt of this Letter, and she preferred it before several Visits *Edward* might have made her; for as she not only found therein great Evidence of his Passion for her, this Writing furnished her with the means of coming out of the Errour she had so long lain under, and which had put her so much in pain, and of discovering that the King had not Written any Amorous Ticket to her Rival. And indeed, after having Compared this Letter with that the Countess of *Stafford* had let fall in her Chamber, and examined 'em both well, she found 'em sufficiently different, to remain persuaded of the supposition of one of the two, and that but one could be of *Edward's* Writing. She was right in her opinion, and no longer doubted but that it was an Artifice of the Countess of *Stafford*, who not being able to gain the

King's

King's affections, had bethought her self of setting 'em at difference, that she might at least enjoy that weak revenge.

When the King went to see her on the morrow, she received him with a much more free and smiling Countenance than she had yet done since that Reconciliation; and after some Discourse, she told him that he must needs have a great stock of tenderness to Write such different amorous Letters to different Persons. *See, Sir,* added she, *if I had not reason to tell you that you were in Love with the Countess of Stafford, and to assure you I had a convincing proof of this Passion.*

As she was uttering these Words, she took out the first Letter, and put it into his hands, at which he was not a little surprized, seeing so great a resemblance with his own hand, and that the Superscription was to the Countess of

of *Stafford*; but having opened it and read it all out, he easily perceived by the stile and by the Writing it self, that it was a trick put upon him. He did not satisfy himself with asking the Countess for the other Letter to shew her the difference; He caused Ink and Paper to be brought, and Wrote before her several lines, to shew hereby the conformity of this Writing with that of the Letter she had received the Evening before, that it was truly his, and not the other. *Ah! Madam*, cryed he, *it is undoubtedly an imposture of the Countess of Stafford, and an effect of the coldness I have ever received her with since our meeting at your House.* He then asked her after what manner that Letter came to her Hands, which she accordingly told him, with all the Circumstances of the Visit she had received from the Countess of *Stafford*. *Well, Madam*, resumed that Prince,

Prince, you'll see if I do not divine aright, in saying this is the treacherous contrivance of that insolent Woman. But this shall not pass so. I would have punished her long ago, if your Ladyship had had but the goodness to have unravelled to me this Mystery, and since I am at present fully informed of her Crime, I will no longer defer her Chastisement.

As soon as he had spoken these Words, he went away in a Rage. It was in vain for her to recall, and tell him how inconvenient it was to proceed with such precipitation in an Affair of that Nature. This Prince being of a Violent and Chollerick disposition, would not listen to her representations, and thought he could not better shew his Love, than by acting with that heat for Interests which seemed to him so nice and delicate.

Though there is nothing more sweet to a Woman, than the punishing her Rival, and that the heart



heart does ever greedily embrace all the occasions that are offered of injuring such a Person, *Phile-nia's* Natural Generosity, and the fear of being exposed thereby to the glances and lashes of Slander and Calumny, made her disapprove her Sovereign's noise and fury. He sent immediately for the Countess of *Stafford*, and treated her with all the bitterness a great, haughty, and passionate Monarch is capable of, when provoked by just Causes.

She at first supported his Presence with tranquility enough, and made a resolute defence: But when he had shewn her the Letter, and told her after what manner the Countess of *Salisbury* had seen it fall from her Pocket at her own House, and had taken it up as soon as she was gone out; when she saw he proceeded to rigorous menaces, if she persevered any longer in disguising from  
him

him the truth, she was terrified, and confessed all; but rejected the Crime upon the Person who had written the Letter, and made him the Counsellor of it as well as the Writer.

The King Ordered he should be taken into Custody, and Committed to the *Tower*, and appointed Judges for his Tryal; and this Man having for some time been employ'd in matters of State, and had only lost *Edward's* Favour by his indiscretion, and for his holding Correspondence with the Enemies of the Crown, as we have already said, such things were brought against him, as that Sentence of Death passed upon him at three days end; so dangerous is it to become the Minister of the Passions and Revenge of Grandees, whose Victims their Instruments see themselves at length. As for the Countess of *Stafford*, upon *Phile-nia's* request, who was careful to  
avoid

avoid all that made a hurry, He contented himself with forbidding her the Court, after having made her Bloody reproaches.

*Edward* by these means did entirely reconcile matters with the Countess of *Salisbury*, and promised himself to enjoy suddenly the fruit of his Love, after so much trouble and so many traverses, when more important Cares than those of this Passion interrupted his assiduities, and forced him in spite of his inclination from this Beautiful Person.

The Partizans of the *Count de Blois* having retaken *Vannes* by assault from the Earl of *Richmond*, this Lord was Mortally wounded in that occasion. As *England* had then too the reputation of having able Physicians and Chyrurgeons, he would needs return thither in order to his Cure: But the agitation of the Sea did so inflame and re-open his Wounds, that he died immediately

diately after his arrival at *London*.

It is not to be expressed how much his Death was sensible to *Edward*; for besides the Alliance which tied him to the Earl of *Richmond*, whose Daughter he had Married, he considered this Earl as an irreconcilable Enemy to *France*, and as a Person who might do him great Service in the War he was meditating.

Thus this Accident changed all the Face of the Court, instead of the Pleasures the King was to prepare, nothing was there to be seen but Sadness and Mourning. *Edward* for the rendring his Grief the more publick and manifest, caused a stately Tomb to be made in *St. Paul's Church*, where he was interred, and vow'd openly he would not hearken to any proposition of Truce or Peace, until he had revenged his death upon the *French*.

As Passions successively destroy one another, and as the new ones are always more strong and violent than those we have got a habit of, Love yielded then to that ardent desire of revenge. *Edward* was several days without going or sending to the Countess of *Salisbury*: His thoughts were wholly intent upon fitting out his Ships, and the other Preparations for his Voyage into *France*. At length being ready to depart, as the Idea of an unwilling absence is never more sensible and present in the hearts of Lovers, than at the point of their separation; the Kings love revived: He went to take his leave of *Philenia*, who was not a little surprized at his departure. Though he endeavoured to make her sensible of the torments he should suffer by this separation, she was not altogether satisfied with this last Conversation, and had thought her

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Charms

Charms more powerful for the staying and hindering him from undertaking this Voyage. Then it was she condemned more than ever in her self, that inclination she still found she had for him, which only tended to the disturbing her quiet, and the putting her Virtue upon the rack. Then it was she wished to be restored to that happy Indifference, which though it does not afford so excessive pleasures as an amorous Engagement, does at least afford such as are more calm and more durable.

Whereupon *Edward* went into *Britany*, where the Earl of *Salisbury*, who supplied the Place of the Earl of *Richmond*, and was more in love than ever with the Countess of *Montfort*, did surprizing things against the Enemies. There had for a long time been Bloody Skirmishes on both sides, which daily weakened the two Parties,  
which

and which without any great advantages to either, did only tend to the destroying one another.

But *Pope Clement* the Sixth, pretending great grief for this Cruel War between two Christian Princes and Allies, would needs be the Mediatour of the Peace. He sent to them for that purpose, the Cardinals Bishops of *Preneste*, and of *Tusculum*, and after some Conferences a Truce was concluded for three years between the two Kings. In consequence of this Truce *John Count de Montfort* was set at liberty, upon Condition he should not attempt any thing upon *Britany*.

Then it was the Earl of *Salisbury*, whom the Countess of *Montfort* had still amused with frivolous hopes for the keeping him in her Interests, did really perceive he had been put upon, and repented his Credulity. For the Princess was no sooner acquainted

with the Conditions of the Truce, and that he was thereby become useless to her, than that she slighted him, and treated him with an insupportable scorn and disdain. She us'd him after the same manner she had done before he had had the boldness to make her an amorous Declaration, so as he had no sooner dared to speak of his Passion, than that she imposed silence on him with an Imperious tone, and forbid him ever to appear more in her Presence, if he did not stifle that love by which she found her self affronted. He would needs make Complaints and Reproaches of his Services, called her treacherous and ungrateful; but then she fell out with him more than before; made him answer, that he was but too well rewarded for his Services by the Honour he had received in being allowed to pay 'em; that it was glory enough for him that she had suffered him



him to fight in her Quarrel. In short, she told him, that if he troubled her any more, she should see her self obliged to make her Complaints to the King and to her Husband, who would know how to punish him for his arrogant importunities.

Confused and struck dumb at so unexpected a treatment, he returned with *Edward* into *England*, with a Resolution to live in good terms with the Countess his Wife, whom he judged sufficiently punished by the ill treatment he had made her, and by the inclination he thought *Edward* had for the Countess of *Stafford*. But he was much surprized, when at his return he was informed this Lady was out of favour, and that the rumour ran it was for having endeavoured to breed a difference between the King and *Philenia*. His suspicions were then renewed, and his thoughts were wholly

bent upon breaking off all Commerce with Women, since he every where met with nothing but treachery and infidelity.

It would be something difficult to express the unhappy Condition the Earl was then in. He still fancied the Person, who was devoted to him by all manner of Reasons, paid elsewhere what was only his due; and when out of revenge he had imitated her inconstancy, and made his Address to a new Mistress, he had met with no other returns, for all his assiduities and services, than scorn and confusion. So as that these two different Ideas, equally sensible, divided his Soul, and made him suffer such torments, as are not to be well imagined without feeling 'em ones self. But this ungrateful Person did well deserve this punishment for all the injuries and outrages he had done and still did the innocent Countess of *Salisbury*. In

In the mean while the *Count de Montfort* made no scruple to violate his words, for when he saw himself at liberty, he secretly raised Forces, return'd into *Brittany*, and besieg'd *Quimpercorentin*: But having been constrained to raise the Siege, he dyed immediately after of grief.

This Enterprize made some Breach in the Truce, and several Acts of Hostility were committed on both sides. But the Truce was intirely broken by *Edward*, for the reason I am going to relate.

King *Philip* of *Valois* having discovered that *Olivier de Clifson*, and some other Lords of *Brittany* and *Normandy*, kept secret Correspondence with the King of *England*, to whom they had likewise sent their Seals. He caused them to be seized, Condemned, and publicly Executed. This gave *Edward* occasion to break the Truce,

and to make War upon *Philip* : Which he sent to declare to him by *Henry de Leon* his Prisoner, whom he delivered upon that Condition.

Whereupon both Kings had their thoughts wholly bent upon great Preparations for War. *Philip* made an offensive and defensive League with *Alphonso* King of *Castile*, who sign'd it in the City of *Leon* the first day of *July*.

A Marriage was at the same time treated on between *Blanche* of *Navarre*, Daughter of *Philip* King of *Navarre*, *Count d'Evreux*, with the Prince *Don Peter*, *Alphonso's* Eldest Son ; but this Alliance was not consummated, and that Princess was afterwards Queen of *France* and *Philip* of *Valois's* second Wife.

In the mean while the King of *England* sent *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster*, his Cousin, with Forces into *Gascony*, accompanied with the Earl of *Pembroke*, and other Lords, where

where he at first made some Conquests. But *John* Duke of *Normandy*, *Philip's* Eldest Son, and his Successour to the Crown, being advanced into those Parts, fought him in several Rencounters, and went to lay Siege before *Aiguillon*.

This ill News rous'd up *Edward*, and made him think of going to succour his Cousin. Thus seeing all things disposed for his Designs, He embarked with a numerous Fleet, having with him the Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Guyenne* his Son; and amongst other Lords *Godfrey*, Brother of *John* the First Count de *Harcour*, a very powerful Lord, and who of the *French* Kings Favour it had all of a sudden incurred his indignation, without being suffered to justify himself, and therefore made his retreat into *England* he took also with him the Earl of *Salisbury*, whose Valour he esteemed, and whom out of a nicety of

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love and jealousie, he was also very willing to separate from *Philenia*. But now to impede *Edward's* return into *France*, *Philip* had provided a mighty Navy in the Haven of *Sluce*, consisting of two hundred Sail of Ships, besides many Gallies, and two thousand Men ready in the Port to Encounter him at his landing. Which *Edward* having notice of, fitted out the like number of Ships, and put out to Sea on *Midsummer Eve*. But as he would have made his Descent into the Province of *Guyenne*, he was twice repulsed by the Tempest into the County of *Cornwal*. This gave *Godfrey* occasion to tell him that it seem'd as if Heaven had stopt that way, for the making him take that of *Normandy*, which was a fat and fruitful Country, and had for two Ages been exempt from the inconvenience of a War.

*Edward*



*Edward* followed this Counsel, but in the way Encounters his Enemies who lay to intercept him, and attacked them with such force and courage, that he utterly defeated their whole Navy, took and sunk all their Ships, slew thirty thousand Men, and landed with as great Glory, as such a Victory, the greatest that ever before was gotten by the *English* at Sea, could yield, though *Edward* himself was there wounded with an Arrow in the Thigh. Most of the *French*, rather than to endure the Arrows of the *English*, or be taken, desperately leapt into the Sea; whereupon the *French* Kings Jester, set one to give notice to him of this overthrow, which News being so ill, none else would willingly impart to him, said, and often times repeated in the Kings hearing, Cowardly *English-men*, Dastardly *English-men*, Faint-hearted *English-men*; The King

The King at length asked him why? For that said he, they durst not leap out of their Ships into the Sea, as our Brave *French-men* did. By which speech the King, apprehended a notion of this De-feat.

After this Overthrow of the *French*, the *English* landed in *Normandy* at *laHague*, *Saint Vaast* in *Costentine*.

Historians observe that the King going from aboard and setting foot ashore, had so terrible a fall that the Blood gush'd out of his Nose. His Courtiers drew sinister presages from this accident.

But he, whether to encourage 'em, or that he had a foreknowledge of what would happen, told them with great confidence, *Don't you see this Land has a desire to have me?*

He.

He immediately took *Valognes*, *Carentan*, *Saint Lo*, *Harfleur*, and *Caen*: From thence he proceeded to *Lizieux*, and to *Evreux*, and then passed the River of *Soam*, though not without danger, for *Philip* had sent thither *Gundemar Defay*, with a thousand Horse, and six thousand Foot to stop his passage. *Edward* notwithstanding resolves to pass or perish, and plunges the foremost into the River crying out, *They who love me will follow me*. At which voice every Man strove who should go foremost, and so the Shore was presently gained, which so astonished the Enemy, that the *English* encountering them all in disorder put them to flight, and then proceeded in burning and desolating all the Country, as *Gisors*, *Vernon*, *Manty* and *Madan*. Then he came to Encamp at *Poissy*, from whence he sent a defiance to *Philip*, to fight him under

der the very Walls of the *Louvre*: But the *French* remonstrated to that King, it would be the highest imprudence to expose thus his Person and all his State to a single Combat, so as no answer was made to *Edward*.

After having staid there five days, he march'd into *Beauvaisis*, whither he was followed by *Philip* with a powerful Army, being no less than a hundred thousand Men.

At length he went and encamped at *Cressy*, and *Philip* at *Abbeville*, which is but three Leagues distant: *Edward* disposed his Troops to the Battel, and remembering the accident which had happened to the Countess of *Salisbury*, when, as he was Dancing with her, that Lady dropt her Garter, he resolv'd to execute the Design he had long before framed, and to be revenged on the Railleries his Courtiers had made upon that occasion.

occasion. He ordered all his Men to wear a Blew Garter for a mark, that he might have this pretext to cover the true Motive of what he design'd to do at his return into *England*.

Then it was, on the six and twentieth day of *August*, 1346, that was fought that famous Battel so fatal for *France*, wherein it received Wounds which bled for a long while after; for *Philip* being enraged at the late dishonourable defeat of his Forces, resolved to revenge it; and presently provokes King *Edward* to the Battel, King *Edward's* Army consisted of thirty thousand Men, which he divided into three Battalia's; the first led by the young Prince of *Wales*, being then fifteen years of age, with whom were joyn'd the Earl of *Warwick*, *Geoffry* of *Harcourt*, *Thomas Holland*, *Richard Stafford*, *John Chandois*, *Robert Nevile*, and many other Knights  
and

and Gentlemen, to the number of Eight hundred Men at Arms, two thousand Archers, and a thousand *Welch*. In the second, were the Earls of *Northampton* and of *Arun-*  
*del*, the Lords *Rosse*, *Basset*, and others, to the number of eight hundred Men at Arms, and twelve thousand Archers. In the third the King was himself, with the Earl of *Salisbury*, having about him seven hundred Men at Arms, and three thousand Archers. The Bat-  
 tel thus ordered, the King mount-  
 ed on a White Hobby, rode from Rank to Rank to view 'em; en-  
 couraging every Man that day to have regard to his Right and Honour. The *French* Army was far greater, consisting of above sixty thousand Combatants; where-  
 of the chief were *Charles* Duke of *Alanson*, the Kings Brother, *John* of *Luxembourg*, King of *Bohemia*, *Charles de Blois*, the Kings Ne-  
 phew; *Ralph* Duke of *Lorrain*,  
 the

the Counts of *Flanders*, *Neders*,  
 and *Sancerre*, of Barons, Knights,  
 and Gentlemen, about three thou-  
 sand. The Vant-guard he Com-  
 mitted to his Brother, the Count  
*de Alançon*. The Rear to the  
 Count of *Savoy*, the main Battel  
 he led himself. The Count *de A-*  
*lançon*, followed by the Counts of  
*Lorraine* and *Savoy*, Charges that  
 part of the *English* Battel where  
 the Prince was. The fight grew  
 hot and doubtful, insomuch as the  
 Commanders about the Prince  
 sent to *Edward* to come up with  
 his power to aid him. The King  
 asked the Messengers whether his  
 Son were slain or hurt? Who an-  
 swering no; *Well then*, said the  
 King, *return, and tell'em that sent*  
*you, that as my Son is alive, they*  
*send no more to me whatever hap-*  
*pen? for I will that the honour of*  
*this day be his.* And so being  
 left to try for themselves, they  
 wrought it out with the Sword,

so as that the day was soon after  
 theirs, and the *English* gain'd the  
 greatest Victory they ever had  
 had over the *French*; and so  
 Bloody as there is no mention  
 made of any one Prisoner taken  
 in the Battel, but all slain out-  
 right; only some few Troops  
 that held together, saved them-  
 selves by turning into places near  
 adjoining. The *French* King with  
 a small Company got to *Bray*  
 in the night, and approaching  
 the Walls, the Guard asking  
 who goes there? He answered,  
 the Fortune of *France*. By his  
 Voice he was known, and there-  
 upon received into the Town  
 with the tears and lamentations  
 of his People. The number of  
 the slain are certified to be thirty  
 thousand. The Chief whereof  
 were *Charles de Alanson*, *John*  
*Duke of Bourbon*, *Ralph* Earl of  
*Lorrain*, *Lewis* Earl of *Flanders*,  
*Jaques Dauphin de Viennois*, Son to  
*Imbert*



*Imbert*, who after gave *Dauphiny* to the Crown of *France*, the Counts of *Lancerre*, *Harcourt* and many other Earls, Barons, and Gentlemen, to the number of fifteen hundred. The next morning early King *Edward* sent out three hundred Lances, and two thousand Lances, to discover what was become of the Enemy, who found great Troops coming from *Abbeville*, *St. Requier*, *Roan* and *Beauvoisis*, ignorant of what had happened, led by Archbishop of *Roan*, and the Prior of *France*: Whom they likewise defeated, and slew seven thousand.

After this signal Victory, *Edward* marched towards *Calice*, wherein *John de Vienne* Marshal of *France*, and the Lord de *Angreghan*, a great Man in his time, Commanded. He held that place besieged near eleven Months, so Couragious a defence was made by the Besieged.

During

During that Siege, *David King of Scotland*, being set on by the *French* to divert the War there; and thinking he could not have a better opportunity to revenge himself on *Edward*, and make Conquests in *England*, descended a second time with an Army of three-score thousand Men into the County of *Northumberland*; assuring himself of success, in regard he supposed that the main strength of the Kingdom was then gone into *France*. But as if that Age had been fruitful in Heroins, and that the desire of signalizing oneself by Arms was passed into a Custom amongst the Women, as well as amongst the Men; the Queen being at that time in the North, that Couragious Princess put on Arms her self, disposed her Troops, and caused them to pass in a review before her, and animated them to that degree, that fighting a great Battel at *Nevils Cross*,

*Cross*, in the Bishoprick of *Durham*, they utterly defeated this great Army, wounded and took *David* Prisoner, with the Earls of *Fife*, *Murray*, *Menteith*, *Sutherland*, the Archbishop of *St. Andrews*, the Lord *Duglass*, a great Souldier, tho' often unfortunate, with many others of Quality, and put fifteen thousand *Scots* to the Sword. This Victory was gained on a *Saturday*, six Weeks after that of *Cressy*. He who took *David* Prisoner, was one *John Copland*, an Esquire of *Northumberland*, who went by order from the Queen to present him to *Edward*, who having rewarded *Copland* with five hundred pounds a Year, and made him a Baneret, sent him back with his Prisoner to the Queen, who put *David* into the *Tower*. After which she Embarked at *Dover*, accompanied by the Princess *Isabella* her Daughter, and arrived to

to her Husband before *Calice*, three days before *All-Saints*. *Edward* had so desired it, for that he was resolved to Marry the Young Princess his Daughter to the Son of the Count of *Flanders*. They went for that purpose to *Berghen*, where the Young Prince fianced her against his Will, being forced to it by the *Flemmings* who held him Prisoner. But having at length made his escape out of their hands, he abandoned his affianced, and and flew to *Philip* for refuge in *France*.

*Edward* returned to the Siege of *Calice*, during which, as if all things concurred to make this year triumphant, the Aids sent to the Countess of *Montfort* in *Britany*, led by *Thomas Dayworth*, a Valiant Knight, overthrew and took Prisoner *Charles de Blois*, pretender to that Dutchy, and with him *Monfieur la Val*, the Lords *Rochford*, *Beaumanoyre*, *Loac-*  
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que, with many other Barons, Knights, and Esquires; where were slain the Lord *De la Val*, Father to him that was taken, *Viscount Rohan*, *Monsieur de Chasteau*, *Brayan de Malestroit*, *de Quenin*, *de Direvil*, besides many other Knights and Esquires, to the number of seven hundred. In the mean while *Edward* pressed *Calice* in such a manner, that *John Duke of Normandy* is sent for out of *Guyenne* to its relief: But though he had a very numerous Army, he durst not attempt the forcing *Edward* to raise the Siege: And all the fruit of his March was, that he left *Henry of Lancaster*, Earl of *Derby*, Master of the Field in *Guyenne*, who besieged and sacked *Poitiers*, took in most of the Towns of *Poitou* and *Xaintonge*, and then returned to *Bordeaux* with more pillage than his People could well bear. And now notwithstanding the obstinate resistance

stance of *Calice*, the King was so generous, that when their Victuals began to fail in the Town, and that all the unuseful Persons, as old Men, Women and Children were put out of the Gates, he forced them not back again, as he might have done, thereby the sooner to consume their store; but suffered them to pass through his Army, gave them to eat, and a piece of money to every one of them. But now the besieged being brought to the utmost extremity, demanded to Capitulate. He offered them no other Composition, than to come out with a White Rod in hand, and upon condition they should deliver to him six of the Principal Inhabitants bare-headed and bare-footed, and Ropes on their Necks, to dispose of as he thought fitting.

When the besieged had received this Order, they were all in a Consternation, and every one avoided

voided as much as was possible for him the being of the fatal number of the six who were to be exposed to the Mercy of the Conquerour, and the Victims of his Resentment; so natural is the love of Life, and fear of Death: And herein is so much the more admirable the Courage of *Eustache de Saint Pierre*, whose Eulogy is with justice made by all Historians. For this generous Citizen seeing that if *Edward* had not speedily his Victims delivered to him, all the City was going to be exposed to his Fury, he offered himself willingly, and devoted his life for his Country with so much resolution, that others surprized at his generosity, and ashamed of their own baseness, resolved to follow his Example, and partake in his Glory.

As the long and rigorous resistance of the besieged had exasperated *Edward* to a high Degree,

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he was not at all moved at the Courage of these six Men that were brought to him in so deplorable a Condition, and he would have cruelly sacrificed them to his Revenge, had it not been for the Queens desires and intercession, who at length obtain'd they might retire, and likewise gave them safe Conducts.

After which the King and Queen entered triumphing into this desert Town with the Noise of Drums, Trumpets, and Canon too, which Historians say were first made use of in this Siege, having first caused all the Inhabitants to depart the Town, except only a Priest and two Ancients for the knowing the Laws and Ordonnances. This Prince stayed there until that the Queen was brought to Bed of a Daughter, who was Baptized by the Name of *Marguerite*.



As *Edward* was resolved to have *Calice* at any rate; it had ever been one of the greatest Obstacles to the Peace; for which reason after the taking of the Place, he shewed himself more easie to it, and listened favourably to the Propositions that were made him by the Cardinals *Hannibæ* Bishop of *Tusculum*, and *Estienne*, who concluded a second time a Truce between the two Kings, to last from the eighth of *September*, to the fifteenth after *Saint John*. Whereupon *Edward* returned immediately into *England*, after having left in *Calice* a number of *English* for the repeopling that Town. He likewise sent thither several Families more from *London*, as soon as he was arrived there.

Thus seeing his mind something more at rest, He laid aside for a time the tumultuous Cares of War for the entertaining others less painful, and would needs

recreate himself after his Fatigues by the Charms of all sorts of Pleasures. At first he was pestered with a prodigious crowd of Courriers, and People who came to pay him their Homages, and Congratulate him upon his Conquests. The Queen for her part was exposed to the like importunities, through the testimonies of joy which the Ladies came to offer her upon her happy return, and for that she had augmented the Royal Family with a young Princess more. The King did not doubt but that the Countess of *Salisbury* would perform that devoir to the Queen, as well as others; so as that he resolved to take this opportunity for the seeing again that lovely Person, and for the assuring her that he was still the same, and that so long an absence had diminished nothing of the Passion she had inflamed him with. Whereupon he commanded one of his  
 Officers,

Officers, in whom he put great confidence, to watch her entring the Palace, and to bring him secretly word.

Having faithful and speedy notice, he ran to meet her through a little Gallery, and accosting her with a Countenance as did sufficiently speak the joy he had to see her again. *Madam*, said he to her, *Fortune has continued to be favourable to me. it has not only rescued me from a hundred different dangers, which People are always exposed to in War, it has moreover made me vanquish my Enemies; and since that cruel moment that I forced my self from your Ladyship, I never fought without triumphing. But to what purpose are all these Favours and all these Caresses of Fortune, if Love continues so contrary and inexorable? Am I now ever the more happy for having been so far to make Conquests, and for taking so many Cities, if that*

*Heart which I esteem more than all the Kingdoms of the Earth, does still refuse it self to mine.*

The Countess of Salisbury was very glad, that after so long an absence, and so many warlike Undertakings, she reigned as powerfully as she had ever done over the Heart of *Edward*. She considered him a long time with attention, and the more she look'd upon him, the more perfect she found him. It seem'd to her as if so many great Actions, which that Prince had newly performed, had added new Charms to his Person, and she found nothing more in him but what merited not only her esteem, but likewise her tenderness and her heart.

After having thanked him obligingly for his new Favours, she desired him to dispence her from answering to a thing which put her but to too much pain, and wherein he knew very well that  
her

her Virtue did not allow her to declare to him her Sentiments, nor even indeed to frame any. *This is neither a fitting time nor place to explain our selves,* replied the King; *We shall have leisure to see one another, and discourse further upon this point: But you must in the mean while know, Madam, that we are already half revenged on the raillery of my Courtiers, that pretty Garter which I took up as I was Dancing with your Ladyship, and which they made a jeast of, I made it serve for a Mark at the Famous Battel of Cressy.*

These words, and this remembrance put the Countess out of Countenance, and made her blush. *No, no, do not blush, Lovely Philenia,* continued Edward, *what I tell you is nothing in comparison of what I am going to do. I will in Consideration of this precious Garter, Institute so recommendable an Order, that even the greatest Princes*

*of Europe shall not disdain to wear it.*

*Ah! Sir, said the Countess to him, blushing more and more, what a Design is this you fancy? And why should you still think of a trifle, whereof you would do me a kindness not to recall the shameful remembrance? It was indeed but a trifle, but to passionate Lovers, a trifle which comes from what they love, is a precious Treasure. Have a care, continued Philenia, you do not by this course excite more than ever the Laughter of all the Court? Ah for Heavens sake, if you love me, spare me this Confusion.*

*No, no, Madam, answered Edward, be not the least afraid; I know so well how to veil my Love with another pretext, that the most acute and penetrating, shall only draw weak Conjectures of the Truth.*

*Whereupon he suffered her to enter the Queen's Apartment, and thought of nothing but of putting*  
in

in execution his amorous Design? He told all his Court, that for an acknowledgement of the great Victory he had gain'd at *Cressy*, he was resolv'd to Institute, in honour of Saint *George*, an Order which should be called, *the Order of the Garter*, for that a Garter had been taken for a Mark at that Battel. He would needs render that Feast so Authentique, that he sent to proclaim it by Heralds in *France*, *Scotland*, *Burgundy*, *Hainault*, *Flanders*, *Brabant* and *Germany*.

*Windsor-Castle*, the place where the King was Born, and his Darling abode, was chosen for this great Ceremony. That Beautiful Palace, according to some, was built by King *Arthur*. It is situated twenty Miles from *London* upon the Banks of the *Thames*, that furnishes it with Waters, which embellish its Gardens. Its Circumference and Extent is so

vast, that it may be compared to a whole City.

Though it be only a place of Pleasure, it is nevertheless fortified with deep Grafts, and high Towers, which Command all its Avenues. There is likewise within an Arfina! ever full of all sorts of Arms. But besides this Charming abode furnishes all the innocent Pleasures that can be enjoyed in an agreeable Retreat. The Air is always pure and serene: The Architecture is in all parts of it to be admired, whether for the Contrivance and Regularity of the Design, or for the Symetry and Proportion of the Buildings, which reign equally in every particular branch of that House: All its Appartments are enriched with ingenious Paintings and Sculptures; and as *Edward* was a Prince altogether Magnificent, he had caused them to be Furnished after such a manner as was equally gallant.



lant and sumptuous; insomuch that the Eye being agreeably struck and surprized with the different Objects, did form a confused Idea of 'em, and knew not which most to admire, either the delicacy of the Pictures and Statues, or the Luster and Riches of the Moveables and Furniture.

The Garden which accompanies this stately Edifice is not one of its least Ornaments, without speaking of all the Fountains which Art has there embellished with variety of Ornaments, and in those places which one would think the most neglected, and seem to be abandoned to the care alone of Nature, rise a thousand little bubbling Springs, which winding and running *Meanders* through a vast Meadow, do keep there a delightful coolness during the greatest heats of the Sun. Long Alleys covered with Trees, whereof the Eye can hardly

hardly penetrate all the extent, joyn their freshness and their verdure to those of the Meadow, and at the end of those Walks, are Groves and Arbours, likewise covered with Shrubs, adorned with Flowers and Blossoms, which perfume the Air, and fill it with a pleasing fragrant Odour.

There it is in those sweet places, you may hear the innocent warbling and Chirping of the Wild, though Charming, Notes of a thousand little Birds. There it is you may go pensive all alone, entertain your self with your own thoughts, or else enjoy the Charms of a tender amorous Conversation with the Object you Adore.

Those fine Walks are bounded by a great Park, full of Hares, Bucks, Does, Stags, and all sorts of Game proper to give the Diversifement of Hunting.

Thus

Thus it was this Charming Solitude that *Edward* made choice of for to be the Theater of that Gallant Feast which he designed to Celebrate: There it was that he had for a long time caused all things to be prepared with profusion, that he might not have the displeasure of seeing any thing wanting of what he thought proper for the affording of joy and delight. He invited thither the Nobility, and especially the Ladies, of whom he recommended a particular Care should be taken. And of whom there was so great a number, that the History makes mention of above three hundred, all of Quality, which composed the Queens Court.

It was in the Month of *October*, that is to say in the midst of *Autumne*, in the most agreeable Season of the year, and the most proper for all sorts of Pleasures.

In the mean while the Earl of *Salisbury* did not without regret see all those Preparatives. Tho' he had taken a strong Resolution to have nothing more than Contempt for his Wife, it is very difficult to hate what we have formerly been much in love with, especially when it is so perfect an Object as was the Countess. Then it was he perceived, in spite of of his efforts, his tenderness to revive for that Beautiful Lady. So long an absence, the slights and disdain of the Countess of *Montfort*, the Kings Passion too, seemed to make him find new Charms in *Philenia*, and reanimate his Jealousie of her. Thus he only considered all the Preparations of this Feast, as a new Subject of mortification for him. *Do you go to Windsor, Madam?* said he to the Beautiful Countess, *and is there any thing in all this Magnificence that your Ladyship can take delight in?* II

*I must needs go, my Lord, answered Philenia, since you your self are obliged to go thither: 'Tis fitting that I accompany you.*

*Ah! Madam, reply'd the Earl, if you lov'd me in the least, you would spare me this last mortification, and far from the seeking to renew my allarums, you your self would carefully avoid all that is capable of giving me any umbrage.*

*Well, my Lord, resumed Philenia coldly, being irritated at this Discourse, I will go where you please; are not you satisfied? No, no, I am not satisfied, Madam, retorted the Earl. How stinging an answer! how cruel an indifference! or rather how strange an aversion! How can you imagine that this cold submission you shew to all I desire of you is capable of giving me contentment? Ah! Madam, you must at least once confess, that a more powerful and a more happy Rival has foreclos'd me the way to your heart.*

*These*

These Words stung the very Soul of the Countess; she cast off her Eyes from off the Earl, after a disdainful manner, without making him any further answer; insomuch, that she left him equally exasperated by her silence, and by what she had said to him before. *After what a rate does this ungrateful Woman talk to me!* said he, *how careless is she of concealing from me the secret sentiments of her heart! Alas! I see it more than ever, she loves, she loves the King as much as she is beloved by him; but I shall know how at least to traverse their happiness, and hinder them from seeing one another. Yes, yes, she shall go where I please: She shall attend me to my solitude, and partake at least in my disquiets and in my corroding Cares.*

In that Resolution he went to the King, and desired his leave to go retire for some Months to *Werk* with his Wife, for the settling

ling some Affairs which his absence had brought into ill Circumstances.

*How!* said the King to him, much surpriz'd at his Proposition, *have you no Curiosity for what is preparing at Windsor? Besides you must know that you are to be one of the Knights of the Order which I intend to Institute.*

Whereupon the Earl beseeched the King to dispence him from assisting at that Festival, with a handsome excuse wav'd the honour he designed him, and said, there were several persons at the Court that merited it better than he did.

This retort redoubled extremely the Kings surprize, but he began at length to know that this was again a new effort of the Earls Jealousie. *I see plainly, my Lord,* said he to him, *that you have not made use of my Remonstrances and Advice; if Truth is too*  
*suspicious*

*suspicious in the Mouth of a Rival to be persuasive. You ought nevertheless to be well cured of your suspicions, since there is nothing more true, than that I have had as ill success in my designs upon Philenia, as your Lordship had in yours upon the Countess of Montfort.*

*I, Sir, upon the Countess of Montfort, reply'd the Earl, pretending a great surprize——*

*You must not dissemble with me in this occasion, interrupted the King, I know that you have been in Love with that Princess, that it was in hopes of pleasing her, that you asked my leave to go serve in Britany, and that you have tryed all manner of ways to obtain being beloved; but I know likewise that she has treated you after such a manner as you have no reason to be satisfied with. Wherefore let us return under the Laws of our first Engagements, and Comfort our selves each in our ill Fortunes. Mine especially ought*



ought to contribute very much towards the assuring your repose, since that with all my efforts, I have not been able to render my self Master of a heart which you possess, and which I will never more attempt to ravish from you, because indeed that it would be all to no purpose for me to undertake it: But in revenge, I make it my request you would rely something more on Philenia's Conduct, and not deprive her no more than your self, of an entertainment which I cause to be prepared for all my Court, and likewise for the Forreign Nobility, who shall think fitting to be there present.

The Earl fell upon his Knees, thanked the King for his repeated goodness, and after having told him he would joyfully execute all the Orders he should honour him with; he took his leave of him something more satisfied than at his entrance. *Let us lay aside,* said he in himself, *the Capricious design*

design of going to shut my self up with her in a solitude. Have I not troubles enough of my own already, without seeking to augment them still, and invenome them by this Retreat? Let me no longer affect shewing my suspicions, which will excite the raillery of all the Court. Ah! to what purpose would it be for me to carry away Philemia, if she be in love with the King? What Pleasures can I enjoy with her at Werk! shall not I every day hear her sending sighs to that Prince? And this absence, what will it do more than irritate her flames, and make me the more sensible of my disgrace? Let us then dissemble with her for once, and take no other surety of her fidelity than from her own Virtue. When she shall see that I take this course, she will perhaps have so much complaisance as to avoid of her self what may give me any umbrage.

This

This last Resolution was that which the Earl took. *I have been faulty, Madam, I must confess,* said he to the Countess, *for having shewed you incessantly my unjust suspicions; but pardon and impute them to the violence of my Passion: I should love you the less, if I could be more calm and more at ease; and the possession of you is so precious a blessing to me, that you ought not to be amazed if I seem something jealous of it. Let those past coldnesses and ill treatments make no more impression upon your mind, I conjure you. We will go together to Windsor, and the only request I have to make you is, that you would carry along with you thither, all the joy and good humour that a satisfied Person is capable of relishing.* The Countess answered him after a modest manner, that she forgot what was past: That as she never received any Law but from her Virtue and Duty, so the Earls Jealousie could  
never

never have been capable of altering her Fidelity, and that her Conduct should always be the same, whether she went to Court, or retired to *Werk*.

The Earl was satisfied with this answer, insomuch that all the bitterness was extinguished on both sides, or at least they let not the least sign of any appear.

At length that great Day so long expected, which was to open so fine a Carrier, and give light to that great Festival, being arrived, a world of People flock'd in Crowds to *Windsor*.

The King for the calming more and more the Earl of *Salisbury's* mind, took again into favour the Countess of *Stafford*. He sent to tell her that in consideration of the services her Husband had done him, He granted her Pardon; that she might go as well as the other Ladies to *Windsor*, and that he should not be sorry to see her there.

there. But fearing this might embroil him anew with *Philenia*, it was not without the consent of this lovely Person that he acted in this manner. She subscribed to it willingly, because she as well as the King had a Design to destroy the suspicions of her Husband.

The first day of Divertisements was appointed for running at the Ring. The Ladies to see this Scene the more conveniently were seated upon a Balustrade which reached all around the Lists. They were all extraordinary Fine and Rich in their Apparel. But tho' the Countess of *Salisbury* took less care than the rest to Deck and Adorn her self, and had not design to make Conquests there, yet the Charms and Graces she had received from Nature, did outvie all that Art supplies in others, and gain'd the her admiration of all the Spectators. The King above

bove all thought he could never be weary of Contemplating so much Beauty, though he had for a long time got a habit of seeing her, yet he had never found her so Beautiful and so worthy of being adored. This Prince, to shew his gracefulness and dexterity in all his Exercises, would needs run himself with the other Knights.

After each had performed his Devoir well in that occasion, *Edward*, the Duke of *Lancaster*, and the Earl of *Salisbury* remained in the dispute: And as there was a Contest to which of the three the Prize did with most justice belong, the judgment of the point was referred to six of the most Principal Ladies. But because they could not agree amongst themselves, and their Voices were equally divided, the King suffering himself to be hurried away by the Sentiment of his Love, took the Prize, which was a Diamond

mond cut like a heart, put it into the Countess of *Salisburies* Hands, and bid her give it to him she thought had best deserved it.

The Countess did modestly wave that Office for some time, being she found it somewhat a nice point to make that preference; but at length she was forced to obey, and the Queen herself, who was very glad to see if she would declare in favour of the King, and might by that means discover if she made returns to this Princes Passion, pressed her to accept the Commission.

The Countess, after having paus'd and considered for some time, remitted the Diamond into the Hands of the Duke of *Lancaster*, to whom she said she believed it was due. As she did not doubt but that this Choice would surprise and touch the King, she blush'd and seem'd concern'd when she spoke to the

K

Duke

Duke of Lancaster; this blushing and emotion, as well as this decision, produced in several Persons such different effects as she had not foreseen. It calm'd and lull'd asleep the Queens Jealousie; Edward and the Earl of Salisbury became Jealous of the Duke of Lancaster, and this last was for his part persuaded that he was a fortunate Man, and that this advantage he had gained over those two Rivals, was a presage of a sweeter Victory that Love was preparing him.

The King gave afterwards a stately Collation to all the Ladies; but though he affected to seem satisfied, he was taken from time to time with a kind of absences of mind, and a thoughtfulness which was but too remarkable.

*Philenia* for her part was no less pensive, and this is what redoubled the Kings vexation, for that he attributed the Countesses  
Melan-



Melancholly to her new Passion  
for the Duke.

As to the Earl of Salisbury, tho  
he fix'd his suspicions upon this  
last Rival, he resolv'd not to give  
the least sign of any to his Wife,  
but only to study with care and  
cunning all her Paces and Con-  
duct.

The next day was spent in  
hunting, at which the King would  
needs have the Ladies appear in  
Mens Cloaths. The Duke of Lan-  
caster without troubling himself  
about the Umbrage he gave the  
King, affected being continually  
with the Countess. *Philenia* on  
her side, making no reflexion  
upon the Consequences this might  
have, did freely suffer the Dukes  
Company and Conversation.

She happened to perceive she  
had lost a little Pocket Glass, on  
one side of which was her Pi-  
cture; the Duke of Lancaster left  
the Countess immediately, re-  
turned

turned the way they came, and traced their steps so well, that he was happy enough to recover that Jewel. He ran all transported with joy to see the Countess again for the restoring it to her, holding it in his Hand, and stopping from time to time to look upon the Picture. He met in the way the King and the Earl of *Salisbury*: The King asked him what he held in his hand, and whither he was going? He made answer that he was seeking for the Countess of *Salisbury*, to restore her the Glass she had lost, and just then perceiving that Fair One, who was not far distant from thence, he left *Edward* for to go to her. She had no little joy to see her Picture again, because she feared it might have fallen into Enemies Hands, who might have made use of it to her disadvantage.

The

The Duke, in restoring it, said softly, that he could willingly have made her believe that he had not found it, had he not been afraid it would have caus'd her too much disquiet, and that he should think it an inestimable happiness to have in his Closet so fine a Picture, as well as that he always wore it in his Heart.

The Countess did but smile at this Gallantry: She took her Picture out of the Duke's Hands, and thank'd him civilly for the service he had done her.

In the mean while the King and the Earl of *Salisbury*, who observed at a distance all these things, did both conceive new troubles and vexations, and confirmed themselves in their suspicions. They were persuaded that *Philenia* her self had had a desire to give her Picture to the Duke, and that he had only feigned his having been to seek for it, that he might

deceive them, and lull asleep their Jealousie; the Countesses Carriage, though intirely innocent, her smiling, the liberty she had given the Duke to whisper in her Ear, all conspired to entertain them in their Errour.

The King, not being able any longer to support the violence of his vexation and resentment, caused the Divertisement to be interrupted, and put an end to, much sooner than the hour appointed.

When he was returned to the Castle, he shut himself up all alone in a Closet, under pretext of thinking for some moments on an Affair of importance; but it was indeed to devour his disquiets, complain in freedom of the Countess of Salisbury, and envy the happiness of the Duke of Lancaster, whom he fancied he preferred before him. *How!* said He, *What so many Services, so many Assiduities, and so long a perseverance, have not*  
*been*

been able to effect, that happy Rival will have gain'd all at one cast: How cunningly did that ungrateful Woman disguise from me her Sentiments, when she assured me, to deceive me, that her Heart had a favourable inclination for me; but that her Virtue impos'd on her such severe Laws as not to suffer her to grant me any relief: She fear'd, that if I came to discover her love for the Duke of Lancaster, I would revenge my self on him. And indeed I should still patiently support my misfortune, and bear without murmuring, that she should still reject my Vows, and sacrifice all to her Husband, since her scrupulous Virtue would not allow her any thing in favour of me. But that to the Contempt of so tender and so fervent a Passion, she should listen to and favour that of a Subject, who ought only to be considerable to her through the honour he has to be of my Blood, is what I will never suf-

*suffer. I am the Master, I can when I please traverse their happiness, and hinder them from enjoying it. But alas ! to what other purpose will all these Efforts be, than to unite them the more, and remove me more and more out of the Heart of that Cruel Person ? Does Love suffer it self to be won by force and by constraint ? No, no, I should only lend Arms against my self to my Rival, should I forbid him the sight of his Mistress.*

Thus did that Prince spend his rage in those sad irresolutions.

In the mean while the Countess of *Warwick* asked the Countess of *Salisbury* if she would go take the Air in the Garden, for the recreating themselves after the little fatigues the hunting might have occasioned. *Philenia* accepted the proposition, and was not sorry to enjoy a little of the Conversation of one of her best Friends. And indeed there was hardly ever seen a more perfect Union

Union between two Beautiful Persons, than was that of those two Countesses; there passed in their hearts a mutual effusion of all their secrets, and bating that secret inclination which *Philenia* had for the King, on which she could not even so much as think without blushing, she unbosomed all her sentiments to the Countess of *Warwick*.

The Duke of *Lancaster* being resolv'd to see how far Fortune would declare it self for him, and who expected quite another issue than what it was preparing, followed the Countesses at a distance. When he saw them pretty far engaged in an Alley, which the Trees than covered it, rendred gloomy, so as that he could speak to them without being seen by others, he made up to those Ladies, and after having paid his respects, he desired the Countess of *Warwick*, that she would give him leave only to speak.

ſpeak one Word in private to the Counteſs of *Salisbury*.

Theſe Ladies were ſurprized to ſee themſelves accoſted by a Man in a place where they were not willing to have any Company. But for the ridding themſelves the ſooner, they both thought convenient not to reſuſe him this ſlight Complaiſance.

The Counteſs of *Warwick* going thereupon five or ſix paces off, the Duke after having deſired *Philenia* to liſten to him, made her a Declaration of Love; the Counteſs ſtrangely ſurprized at a Diſcourſe of this Nature, which ſhe did not in the leaſt expect, would at firſt have turned the thing into a raillery, but ſeeing the Duke continued upon the ſame note, and obſerving in his Eyes and in his Countenance ſomething which did ſufficiently reſemble a real Paſſion, ſhe impoſed ſilence on him; and looking upon him with



with Eyes full of anger, told him, that if he ever happened to entertain her again with the like Discourses, she would ruine him, and acquaint the King immediately, who would be but too ready to revenge her for such an outrage. Having spoken these Words in a fret, she left him to go overtake her Friend, so as that the Duke returned to the Castle, covered with shame and confusion, and very far from obtaining the favours he had flattered himself with the hopes of. The Countess of *Warwick* having seen after what manner her Friend had treated the Duke, did immediately make her sensible of her amazement, and told her she could not comprehend how she had been able to reject with so much scorn, disdain, and haughtiness, a Man who the Evening before had received pretty considerable obligations from her, and in favour of whom she had

had passed sentence for the Prize of the Courses, to the disadvantage of the King and the Earl of Salisbury.

*I would not judge in favour of my Husband, answerd Philenia, for fear I should be thought self-interested, and I chose rather to give the Prize to a Man who was wholly indifferent to me—And why not then to the King, reply'd the Countess of Warwick? As for the King, resumed the Countess of Salisbury, I thought my self likewise obliged to exclude him for much more important Reasons than becomes me to say. In speaking those Words she cast her Eyes down after a mournful manner, and gave a great sigh. Ah! Madam, said the Countess of Warwick to her, I have reason to complain of your Friendship, seeing you have Reserves for a Person who never had any for your Ladyship. You are not only beloved of the King, as the World sufficiently knows, but*  
*what*

*what all the World, even I my self have hitherto been ignorant of, you likewise love that Prince, you must no longer make a Secret of it to me.*

The Countess of Salisbury, without making any answer, advanced to the head of the Alley, and having found a green Arbour, entered therein, and invited her Friend to sit down by her. *Ab! Madam, said then Philenia, why do you thus repraach me, and how would you have me tell you things which I would willingly conceal from my self? Do not however believe that I do any injury to the Earl of Salisbury: He possesses, and he only will ever possess my heart, as much as he can expect of it from a Virtue and Duty which shall ever be proof against all other Charms.*

*Nevertheless, Madam, answered the Countess of Warwick, you have an inclination for the King. For Heaven's sake, Madam, reply'd Philenia,*

lenia, spare me that remembrance  
 which makes me blush. Alas! if I  
 sometimes perceive tender motions,  
 which rise up in my heart against my  
 Will, in favour of that Prince, the  
 Earl of Salisbury ought to pardon  
 me them, since that being incessantly  
 struggled with by my Virtue, they only  
 serve to tiranize me, and to cause in  
 me the most sensible of all torments:  
 For, in short, be the Kings Passion  
 what it will, and the inclination I  
 have for him, he must never hope  
 any thing from me; should he offer his  
 Crown and all the Empires of the  
 Earth, he shall never triumph over  
 my Weakness; yet the Earl of Salis-  
 bury was persuaded, and still is so  
 perhaps, that I did him the greatest  
 of outrages. Oh the injustice! Af-  
 ter this, judge of my wretched condi-  
 tion, and of what I am to suffer.  
 Yes, Madam, Edward, more inflam-  
 ed than ever, redoubles his Caresses  
 and pursuits: I feel every moment a  
 secret Charm which pulls me towards  
 him;

him; this offends my *Virtue*, which will not allow my heart even so much as the least sigh without murmuring. Thus am I forced to engage in cruel conflicts against my self, and all the fruit that I gain by the *Victory*, is, that I find my pains and troubles redouble: Those dangerous *Enemies* that I have subdued, mutiny and rise up every hour, and make a kind of *Civil-War* in my *Breast*; and I often see my *Virtue*, though so severe, in danger of being overcome. Such is all the course of my deplorable life. The *Victim* of a rigorous *Duty*, whose *Law* I am bound to follow; and of an unfortunate *Tenderness*, which dares not give it self any loose, nor entertain any hopes. Thus must I fade away in a continual languishment. Besides, I see my self the *Object* of the *Jealousie* and unjust *Suspitions* of a *Husband*. Is it not true that I am very worthy of pity, and that you your self cannot refuse me yours? *Philenia* could not forbear shed-

shedding Tears ; and the Countess of *Warwick* was so moved , that she was not able to, make any other answer, for weeping her self, than these Words. *Ah ! Madam, I pity you ; and true it is, that you are to be pitied.*

They thought then they heard some Body give a sigh, the Countess of *Salisbury* all in a fright got up, and had no sooner turned her head, than she saw thro' the Pales, the Earl of *Salisbury* ; surprized and in despair that what she had just said had been heard by her Husband, she went hastily, and in a kind of a Consternation, out of the Arbour ; and, accompanied by her Friend, thought of nothing but of getting as soon as possible to the Castle.

The Earl called out to her, *Stay, Madam, for Heavens sake, stay ; I came not here to make you any more unjust reproaches, I do you Justice. But Philenia, out of Countenance*

tenance at her having her self betrayed a secret which she would willingly, at the expence of her own life, her Husband should always have been ignorant of, durst not so much as look back upon him. The Earl, full of his suspicions, had followed the Duke of *Lancaster* into the Garden, he had seen after what manner *Philenia* had rejected him, and being very willing to hear all the Conversation of the two Countesses, he walked all along by them on the other side the Hedge without being seen. *True it is, said he then, she is in as wretched a condition as I am; and if I have not all her tenderness, I ought only to blame and impute it to that inevitable and invincible fatality, which makes that a heart is no longer Master of it self, and that reason cannot always govern it according to its mind. Ah! too perfect Beauty! why must I be the Possessor of so many Charms, without possessing*

possessing what would satisfie me most: Or why do not I find in my heart a like indifferency, that I might at least Comfort my self for not meeting with any other love than what proceeds from duty? But these Wishes and Regrets are all to no purpose; let us rather admire so high a Virtue, and afford her all our pity.

The Earl returned to the Castle, entertaining himself still with these sad Reflexions. In the way he perceived the King, who was likewise come down into the Garden, upon the notice he had that the Countess of Salisbury was entered therein, followed by the Duke of Lancaster.

His Majesty had just met the two beautiful Countesses, and *Philenia* all full of the stinging remembrance of what was past, had turned her Face another way. This action he took for a new sign of her indifferency for him, and of the love she had for the Duke  
of



of Lancaster. As soon as the Earl of Salisbury was come up to him, he took him aside, and told him, *You are not out of humor without reason, my Lord; I can no longer dissemble to you that we are both betray'd. Philenia loves the Duke of Lancaster.*

*Ah! Sir, interrupted the Earl, do not do that injury to the Countess of Salisbury; she hath nothing but indifference, and even contempt perhaps for the Duke of Lancaster; she has always been faithful to me, I know her heart but too well; and I confess to your Majesty, that she has been outraged by my suspicions.*

Edward would needs inquire what it was had given him those new Sentiments: But the Earl desired the King to dispence him from explaining himself any further, and suffer him to take his leave. And went away after he had spoke these Words.

This

This Discourse, so little expected, put the King into an extream surprize and uneasiness, he conceived a greedy Curiosity to learn all that had passed. He had recourse to the Countess of *Warwick*, whom he sent for to him. He desired her not to conceal any thing from him, if she was willing to render him an important service, and tooke any care for his repose.

The Countess seeing that her Friends glory was not interested in this recital, and that on the contrary it would only serve to justifie her, informed the King of all, and told him the motive that had moved *Philenia* to give the prize of the Course to the Duke of *Lancaster*.

*Edward* commended and admired the Prudence and Wisdom of the Countess of *Salisbury*, and could not forbear crying several times, *How much does she merit to be beloved! And how happy should I*  
- be,

be, were she in a state to give me her heart,  
as she possesses mine.

He engaged the Countess of *Warwick* to tell her, that he desired she would grant him one secret Conversation more; swearing to her it should be the last of his importunities.

The Countess of *Salisbury* defended her self a long time against the instances of her Friend: In the state she was, she only sought for solitude and obscurity to Conceal her shame and devour her tribulation. But, in short, the Countess of *Warwick* represented to her so many things, that she yielded and resolved to see the King once more.

As soon as *Edward* saw her, he asked her if all was truth the Countess of *Warwick* had told him: At first *Philemia* made no answer to *Edward*, but by sighing and blushing, which did very much help persuading him it was so. At length she confessed to him, what he had been acquainted with. But Sir, added she, if I durst demand of your Majesty any acknowledgement for a confession, which puts me to so much pain, it would be that your self would cease persecuting a wretched person, and not joyn your pursuits to that fatal Charm which your  
merit

merit has still for my heart, since after all it is certain you will never gain any other advantage than the Cruel pleasure of having put my mind into a shameful disorder, and of having staggered my Kirtue without triumphing over it.

Ah ! Madam, said the King to her, do you imagine how difficult a thing it is to execute these Commands of yours ? But you Command me them, and that is sufficient. Yes, continued he, squeezing her hand, I will obey you ; how violent soever the Passion is you have inflamed me with, I will make it yield to my respect, and will think of nothing but to admire in you that rare example of so high a Virtue, so worthy of being transmitted to posterity, and which will be the astonishment and admiration of all ages.

And indeed, as soon as he had left her, he only thought of the Institution of the Order he had so long meditated on, and which was the principal occasion of this Festival.

Whereupon the King went on the morrow about nine of the Clock in the morning into the Chappel of the Castle, accompanied by the most considerable of his Court, and especially by those whom he destin'd to the honour of this Order. The Ladies were placed in the Galleries,

Galleries, for their more convenient seeing this august Ceremony. That fine place was adorned after an extraordinary manner, and it seemed as if all the Kings Riches were reassembled there, whether for the Tapestries, wherein the History of St. George was ingeniously represented, or for the stately rich Vessels of Gold and Silver, which are all beset with precious Stones, which received a new lustre from an infinite number of flaming Wax Lights.

The Archbishop of *Canterbury* celebrated Divine Service, which was attended with Musick composed of Voices and Instruments; after which advancing towards the King within four steps of the Altar, he presented to him himself the Order, which was a Coller of Gold, bearing the Image of St. George. He likewise put upon his Shoulders a Mantle of Purple Velvet lined with White, upon which there was a Red Cross in a Crown, and tyed to his left Leg a blew Garter, covered with Enamel and precious Stones, on which was this device: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. But since that time, tho' the name of the Garter does remain to the Order, the Knights wear likewise on their

their Necks that Blew Ribond, at the end of which is the Image of St. George, and the Device Engraven round about. The King after himself gave the like Collar, a Mantle, and the like Garter to those he thought fit to make Knights: He honoured with that dignity *Edward* his eldest Son Prince of *Wales*, *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster*, *T.* Earl of *Warwick*, the Earl of *Salisbury*, the Earl of *Stafford*, &c. to the number of twenty four, without reckoning the King. All those Illustrious Persons marched afterwards solemnly in procession; and so ended that great Ceremony, to which *Edward* added a splendid Entertainment which he gave to all his Court.

Thus did that Prince verifie what he had formerly said when he Danced with the Countess of *Salisbury*, *That it should not be long ere Sovereign honour were done to that Garter; and that those who now despise that Garter shall one day hold it for an honour to wear* **G. AL 55**

And indeed this Order is so Illustrious, that eight Emperours, and seven or eight and twenty Forreign Kings, have worn the Collar, besides other Sovereign Princes, and the Kings of *England* who are Presidents and Sovereigns of the Order. **F I N I S.**

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